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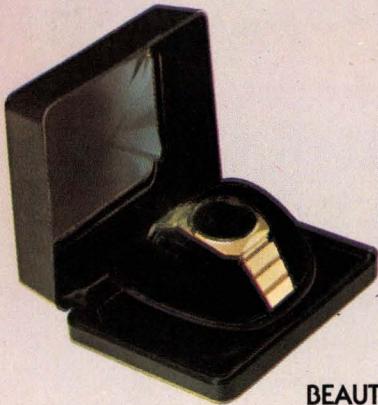
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5

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

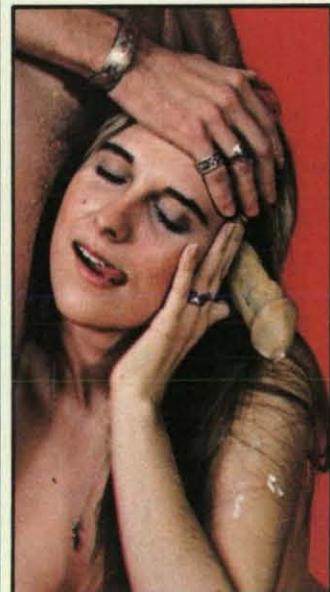
6

FEEDBACK

8

ADVISE & CONSENT

10



BITS & PIECES

Ear Fucking, Toe Sucking, etc.

18

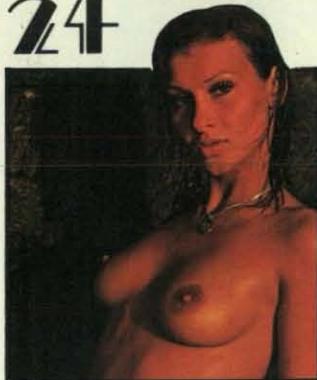
SEX PLAY

Men's Orgasms.

21

SEX BITS

24



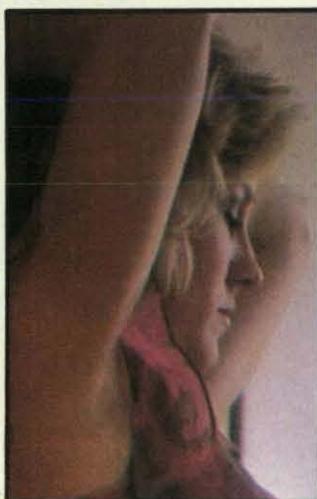
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH

30

THE HIRED GAL

Slicker 'n a Greased Pig.
by Ray Russell

36



MOTHERHOOD

42

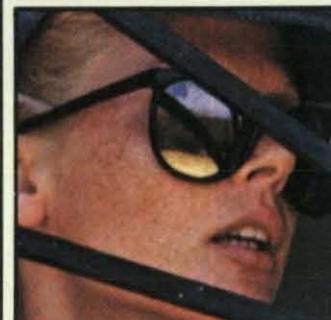
HUSTLER
INTERVIEW:
JERRY RUBIN

Rebel Without a Cock?
by Bruce David

51

X-RATED REVIEWS
Movies & Books.

56



THE BLONDE MAX

67

HUSTLER HUMOR

68

THE NEW
DIRTY COMICS

"Holy Christ, Batman!
I Just Brushed My Teeth!"
by Clay Geerdes

75



BARBARA JEAN

"Good Mornin',
Little School Girl."

80



HUSTLER PROFILE:
COUNTRY PORN

by Glenn L. Watkins

88

ASTROLOGICAL
GUIDE TO
SEX & MONEY

94



THE SCENT OF
JASMINE

The Sweet Smell of Excess.

100

KINKY KORNER

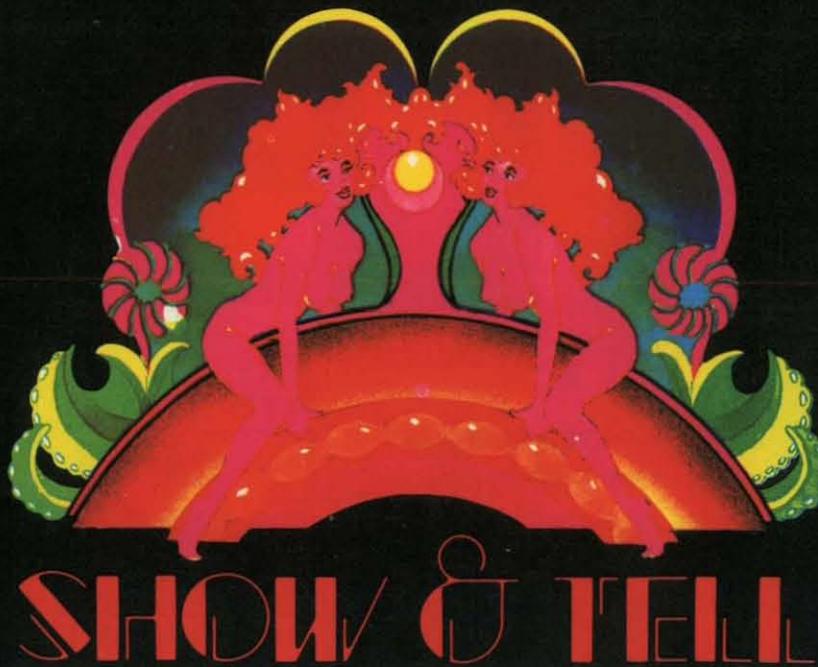
Balling Billy's Mom.
by Brian Houlihan

110

HONEY HOOKER

Boxed Box.
by Jim McQuade

VOL. 2 NO. 10 APRIL 1976



Variety Is The Spice of HUSTLER

Things are really cooking here at HUSTLER. We've got such a heady brew of erotic taste that this issue is sure to please even the most hard-to-find, often-neglected fetish of many a horny man. In answer to the many requests from readers to give "uncoverage" to all stages of womanhood, we present our first **PREGNANT** feature, which shows it's what's up front that counts. And for the vet who finds his mind wandering to that long, hot night on Okinawa when that Japanese beauty took his manhood from here to eternity, we feature **JASMINE**, a beauty who will remain in many memories for days to come. But if you want that all-American youngster who keeps the trail bare, be careful not to miss **BARBARA JEAN** and her silky machine. Then there is **THE BLONDE MAX**, our centerfold this month, which is certainly going to be a collector's item for a long time. But have **FAITH**, also; she's as tantalizing as the others are titillating. When you've finally gotten a hold on yourself (or perhaps I should say, let go of yourself) after all those lovelies, have a visit with **JERRY RUBIN** (he's the member of the radical "Chicago Seven" who told the kids to kill their parents) in this month's **INTERVIEW**, and find out where his head's at now, after he finally took his hands out of his pockets to talk about his small cock. And then get hot on the trail of who's doing what in the music world. **COUNTRY PORN**, a pornographic music group, is hot, and they're doing it and we dig it, and so will you.

Speaking of country, you'll just love **THE HIRED GAL**, and so does everybody else. And if you were one of mama's little curtain climbers who got off on reading Bugs Bunny, then you will want to get a detailed report on how the comics grew up and made themselves just as adult as you are. **THE NEW DIRTY COMICS** is what's happening today. For exposure to the other "evils" in life, gobble up **BITS & PIECES** and consume **KINKY KORNER**—after you get a grip on yourself with **SEX PLAY**.

And yes, George, **HONEY HOOKER** is alive and kicking, even though she is in a casket.

Enjoy!

Althea Leasure

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and Executive Editor

HUSTLER

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

It's not hard to figure out that this is an election year. Just look around—it's in the air, everywhere. And most Americans are feeling quite comfortable about it, because they feel that, after Watergate, it's time for a "White Knight" to show on the horizon—an honest politician, whose integrity is above reproach. Those thoughts are great for day-dreaming, but not very encouraging when it comes to reality. Sending an honest politician into government is like sending virgins into a whore-house to control vice. One of two things happens: either they no longer remain virgins, and you've defeated your purpose; or else they do remain virgins, but wind up going stir crazy from frustration. But we all know *something* must be done. We said we wouldn't buy a used car from Richard Nixon, but we did—and a Ford at that. A lesson to the wise should be sufficient.

Most of my staff have advised me that I should limit my Publisher's Statement to things we have the power to do something about—which certainly does not include politics. At least that's what they said; I think the real reason was that they felt that I don't know enough about politics to make a comment, and they're probably right. But every red-blooded, free-thinking American likes to believe that he, and he alone, can analyze the candidates and come up with the best choice. Let's take a look at the field:

For the Republicans, we have an ex-movie star who needs a director to tell him when to take a shit. Or the alternative would be an ex-football player who thinks that "manual labor" is a Mexican. There's the possibility of a third choice, presently buried in an oil drum beneath the Attica ashes, but since shit always manages to float, he may yet rise to the top.

If Teddy decides not to run, the Democrats aren't in much better shape, unless they want to settle for Hubert Humphrey—Lyndon Johnson's rendition of Minnie Pearl, who keeps sounding like an instant replay of George Washington's first Congressional Address. Or they have a cripple Southerner, who is running just for the sake of running; he has thought of nothing except women and politics all of his life, and now that he doesn't think about women, he could be dangerous.

None of the rest stand a chance—in either party.

Now that we've examined the possible choices, maybe we should take a look at the



POLITICS, DONALD DUCK, AND HUNTER THOMPSON

qualifications we're looking for in our next President. First of all, he should be a good con man, because someone must convince Fidel Castro that the Bay of Pigs didn't really happen, and, somehow, blue-collar America must be convinced that working forty hours a week in a coal mine or on an assembly line is all you should expect from life. Our next President should have gone to school in a one-room schoolhouse, with only a pot-bellied stove and without air-conditioning, where the students freeze in the winter and roast in the summer; then he'll know how important good schools are. He should have attended at least one sex orgy, so that he would know why kids today would rather fuck than fight. He should have paid for the services of at least one

prostitute, so that he knows what it's like to be face-to-face with Yasir Arafat. He should have toured Georgia and Alabama, where he could see five blacks in a one-room shack, eating out of one can of pork and beans—so that he understands what they mean when they say, "Right on, Brother!" He should have been raised in poverty, eating grits, black-eyed peas and red-eye gravy, so that he knows how important a steak is to us working people. He should know how to roll a pair of dice, so he can help the FBI figure out how many "Squeaky" Frommes there are out there, waiting for him. He should have worked at least part-time for a pawn broker, so that he knows how to deal with Congress.

After considering the candidates and the qualifications, if you still find yourself a bit confused, you might want to cast a write-in vote for Donald Duck—he's flat-footed and doesn't give a fuck. At least he'd keep industry and big business happy. The Democrats might want to cast their write-in votes for Hunter Thompson—he might fire Earl Butts, but at least he'd legalize marijuana, and then when he relocated the White House and all the jackals in Congress from Washington, D.C. to Intercourse, Pennsylvania, or Blue Balls, Iowa, he could convince you that it was a hip decision.

Or we might all eventually get what we want if we get together to fuck up the system completely—that is, if eighty million people would just wipe their asses on the ballots, maybe the politicians in this country would understand that the only way the American people are ever going to get a President they'll be happy with is by giving them a choice. As it is now, the voters have no real choice, except among the least of many evils. If the American people had that clear-cut choice, they probably would be happy enough with the results of the election that they would stop turning Presidents out of office every four years (give or take a year or two). But that will never come to pass, as long as Presidential candidates continue to be basically the same influence-peddling, money-grabbing, hem-hawing whores behind a variety of different lying faces.



Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

FEEDBACK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BUTCH" IS BITCHIN'

I am a very big fan of HUSTLER. I picked up the February issue last night and read your Publisher's Statement, titled "Bitching About Butch." I couldn't believe so many people wrote in, protesting about the Butch & Peaches spread. My wife and I thought it was great. I saw nothing wrong about Butch and his Peaches. It was just two HUMAN BEINGS expressing themselves. I find nothing wrong with that. In fact, it shows that people of different color can get along.

There are so many other things wrong in the world, why make a *big stink* out of this? I agree totally with your last paragraph: "HUSTLER will continue to pioneer the horizons of sexual freedom in search of total liberation." I say to those who protested, "If you don't like it, too fuckin' bad!"

Larry, keep up the great work, and may HUSTLER live up to its greatness in '76!

Andy Pinelli
Jersey City, N.J.

P.S. As a big favor, would you send us an autographed picture of yourself?

Thanks for the kind words. HUSTLER will try to be as great in '76 as the support from readers like you has been since July, 1974. The autographed picture is on its way. Please keep the "Feedback" coming. We want it and need it.

—Larry Flynt

"DOUBTING JAMES" & JOE

I just enjoyed the pics in the February issue of HUSTLER, but I think you are trying to hustle me: the "Joe-er-ah-Josephine" feature should have been in the centerfold spread—on a single sheet of paper. The way you ran a picture of his (her?) bottom on page 76, and her (his?) top on page 77, makes me wonder if the spread wasn't a trick-photography composite. I gotta see the whole "hole" works in one photo. I don't dig your phonygraph on the binding.

If you can get me Joe's address, I will make arrangements to go to London this spring to check him out personally. I'd give you a "blow" by "blow" report.

James D. Singer
Racine, Wisc.

Who would be blowing whom? Maybe you were too busy drooling over Joe's cock on page 76 to glance over to the left and spot the whole picture of Joe in all his/her hermaphroditic glory. You and "Doubting Thomas" (the Apostle who checked out Jesus' wounds by sticking his finger in the nail holes) would have gotten along great.

SONDRA HEATS UP CONNECTICUT

Not seeing a letter in either Feedback or Advice & Consent from my area, I hope to pioneer more letters to HUSTLER from this vicinity, so please print this.

You are to be congratulated on the fine



pictorial, "Sondra, in Heat," in the February, 1976, issue. I and the rest of the regulars down at the best bar in Enfield, the Amberlight, think she is the most beautiful girl to appear in HUSTLER since the conception of your magazine. So, how about some pertinent information on Sondra? Stop by the Amberlight and "heat up" the place anytime, Sondra. We all love you.

P.E.A.K.
Enfield, Conn.

Having grown up on the Lake Erie shore, Sondra has been into sailing since she was a little girl. She has been living in the Caribbean for the past few years, crewing on the sailboats that ply those sun-soaked waters. Sondra says she digs a man who is "too shy to try to pick me up, but with enough real manly strength to bring me to the boiling point in bed." She promises that, if she happens to be sailing on Long Island Sound next summer, she will try to make it up to Enfield and give the Amberlight a rosy glow.

CALENDAR ART

I read magazines such as *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and others regularly. Of course, when HUSTLER came out I became an avid reader. It is good to find a magazine that will spare no expense to spread a few legs. The clear, uncensored pictorials you present are the best I have ever seen.

When I am through reading them, I pass the magazines on to friends. They all agree that your HUSTLER is #1. *Playboy* is ranked second, although it is considered to be too repetitious and dull. *Penthouse* is decreasing in popularity—it is thought that Guccione is slowly slipping into shit's creek.

I recently bought your HUSTLER 1976 Erotic Calendar for the new year. I also passed it around, because of the great blown-up pictures. Who is—and where can my friends and I see more of—Miss March? Was she in a back issue? Her shaved and wholesome looks have us fans wondering.

Always a fan, and a Hustler.

T.L.
Beverly, Mass.

Miss March in the 1976 Erotic Calendar also happened to be HUSTLER's Honey in our March, 1975, issue. All of the "Honeys" in the Erotic Calendar have been featured in past issues of HUSTLER. This particular "Honey" is Michelle, a lissome bit of French-born pastry, who was leisurely looking for the right man to relieve her of her virginity the last time we saw her. We leave it to your imagination (using her birthplace as a clue) as to how she satisfies herself in the meantime.

SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE?

In your Publisher's Statement on page five of the January HUSTLER, I find that you use a (continued to page 106)

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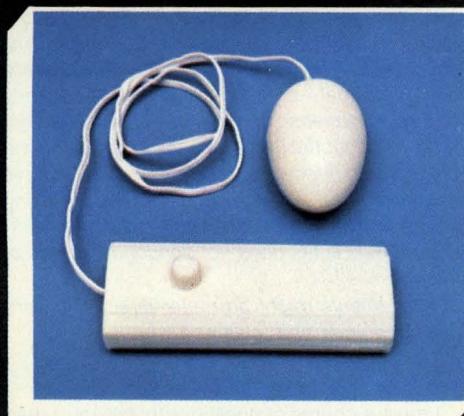


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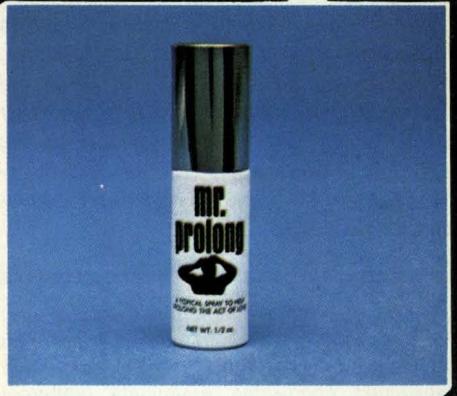
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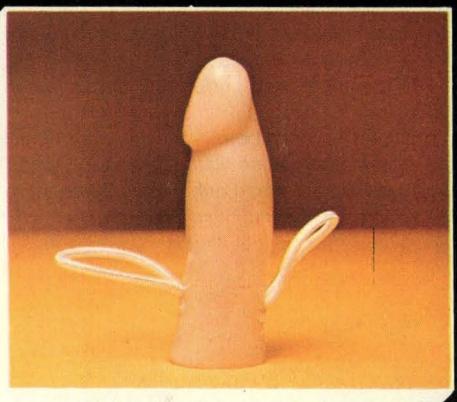
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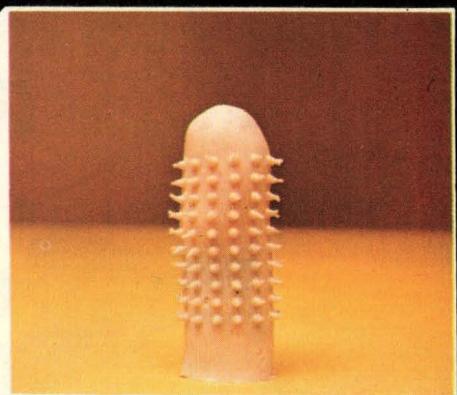
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent Is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise and Consent Editor, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I read your item in October's Advise and Consent about this girl with the pimply ass. You informed the writer that the girl could have transmitted condyloma acuminata (venereal warts) to him. I disagree.

I am not a doctor or even a medical student. But I had seventeen years experience of trying to cure myself of them. Medical history had little knowledge of them in 1950 when I contracted them. Podophyllin was used on me with no help. In 1953, surgery was performed, and again in 1969.

The thing is, I don't believe they are catching. I had regular intercourse with my husband for 17 years, and he never had one. Please have them

taken care of, though, if indeed they are venereal warts. If left alone they will spread. That is where they get the name acuminata—they accumulate. The roots imbed deep under the skin and have to be killed or you are not rid of them.

Good luck—I wouldn't want anyone to suffer as I have.

Name Withheld

Thank you for sharing your experience with us.

I'm fifty-one and I am a great-grandmother. I have seven children, four grandchildren and a two-month-old great-granddaughter (my granddaughter, age 12, had a baby girl). This year, my youngest daughter has had a baby. She is fourteen and has been married for three years. I have a pretty good-looking figure for my age. I measure 39-22-35 and I look great in a bikini, hot pants or miniskirt. I'm getting married for the second time, and my new husband-to-be is younger than me. He is twenty-two and says that I have a very beautiful little pussy. He loves eating me and I suck his big cock, which drives him wild. I'm not sure, but I think I'm the youngest and sexiest great-grandmother around. Wouldn't you agree?

Mrs. X
Los Angeles, Calif.

Our *Guinness Book of World Records* doesn't list any records for the world's youngest great-grandmother. We hate to disappoint you, but our staff math wizard estimates that, based on your granddaughter's ability to give birth at the age of twelve, three generations of twelve-year-old mothers could conceivably yield a thirty-six-year-old great-grandmother. However, there's

no doubt that you're the sexiest great-grandmother we've heard of, at any age. Sounds like you and your daughter and granddaughter have fueled quite a few "adolescent fantasies" in your time.

I collect photos (nude) of females. Sometimes I find it hard to find models who model through the mail. Can you tell me where I can find a model directory with a list of singles or couples who do?

Thank you.

David Monroe, Ohio

There are several sex and swingers' publications which carry classified ads for people interested in exchanging or selling photographs. A couple of magazines to check out are *Select* or *Seekers*. You can pick up both at your local sex store, or order *Select* from P. O. Box 889, Camden, N.J. 08101 at a fee of \$15.00 a year and *Seekers* from P. O. Box 781, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003 for the same price of \$15.00 for one year.

Over the past year I've met many teenage girls, especially 14-year-olds. Needless to say, these girls want and need sex so badly that it amazed me. Well, at 30 I felt a bit strange, but lately I've found that this age group probably offers the best lovers in the area. Recently I met a 14-year-old who looked 18 and acted 25. She is just unreal when it comes to SEX. She is well-built and can take 9-in. and ask for more. We fuck at least four times a week and it has not caused us any problems. In fact, we go out to nightclubs, bars, etc. and her parents don't mind. They think that I'm younger, as I can pass for 25.

Another thing that I've noticed among this age group is that they love ORAL SEX. Again, these young girls can really blow, and I've had a lot of girls my own age, but they just can't compete with these young teens.

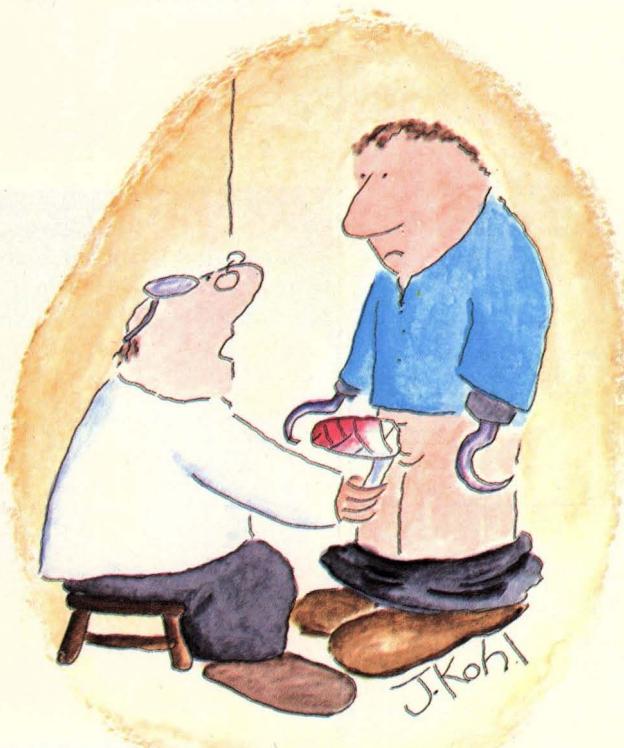
Can this be a sign of our changing times? If so, I think that it's great. You teens keep up the good work.

Name Withheld

At the age of 30, we are sure that you are able to find and seduce 14-year-olds. The question is, should you? The first problem is that what you are doing is illegal—contributing to the delinquency of a minor at least, and in some states statutory rape. It is doubtful that a 14-year-old has the kind of judgment needed to decide if it is wise to have sex with you. Your own judgment in taking advantage of the situation must also be questioned. HUSTLER does not condone this kind of thing.

Your talents might be better directed toward finding women your own age who look 14.

I have a couple of questions to ask you. I read HUSTLER magazine and I think it is the best. The first question is, I guess, kind of dumb. But I want to know the best, most sexy way to kiss. I would like it very much if you could tell me how to kiss. Also, I have a problem with my penis. When my (continued on page 114)



"You had better quit wackin' off."



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BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

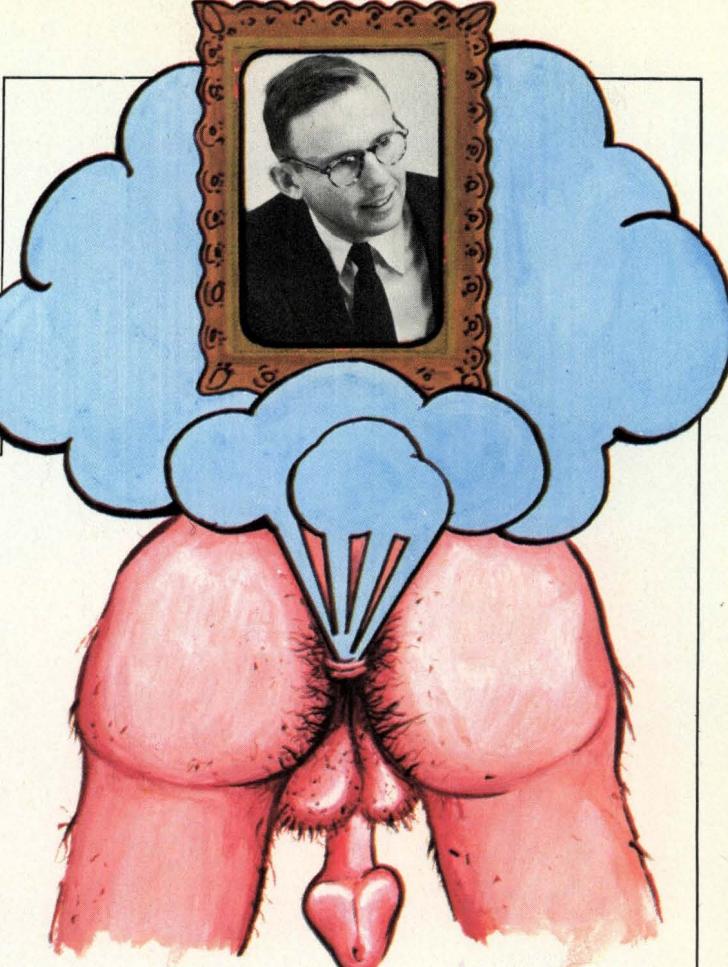
In case you're not familiar with the character seen here, wafting above the HUSTLER wazoo, he is Professor Samuel Huntington, our Asshole of the Month. You've heard the put-down, "If you had any brains, you'd be dangerous." Well, Samuel Huntington *has* brains, and he *is* dangerous.

Huntington is one of those Harvard eggheads (like his classmate, Henry Kissinger) whom Jerry Ford and other half-bright government big shots trot out whenever they want to convince the public that some Very Heavy Thinking is behind their half-assed policies. As intellectual window dressing, these Irwin Corey types are harmless enough, but when the political biggies

actually start *listening* to their harebrained horseshit, look out!

Sam Huntington believes that we Americans are a pack of freedom-crazed dogs with "democratic distemper"—his name for our misguided notion that we should have something to say about the way this country is run—which prevents the Establishment of fat-assed bankers and businessmen from ruling in the best interests of General Motors and Shell Oil, as they have always done.

Since Huntington reported this conclusion to a commission sponsored by David Rockefeller—whose Chase Manhattan Bank owns a good deal of the U.S., and who has a huge amount of clout in



Washington—don't be surprised if Sam's anti-democratic theories are translated into government policy, and you start feeling the pinch in your personal liberties.

To our way of thinking, Sam-

uet-Huntington is the world's first talking turd. He has shit for brains, and he should be cleaning out bus terminal toilet bowls with his tongue, instead of advising rich people on how to tyrannize us common folk.

WE AGREE, BUT WHY'S THE COW IN THE PICTURE?

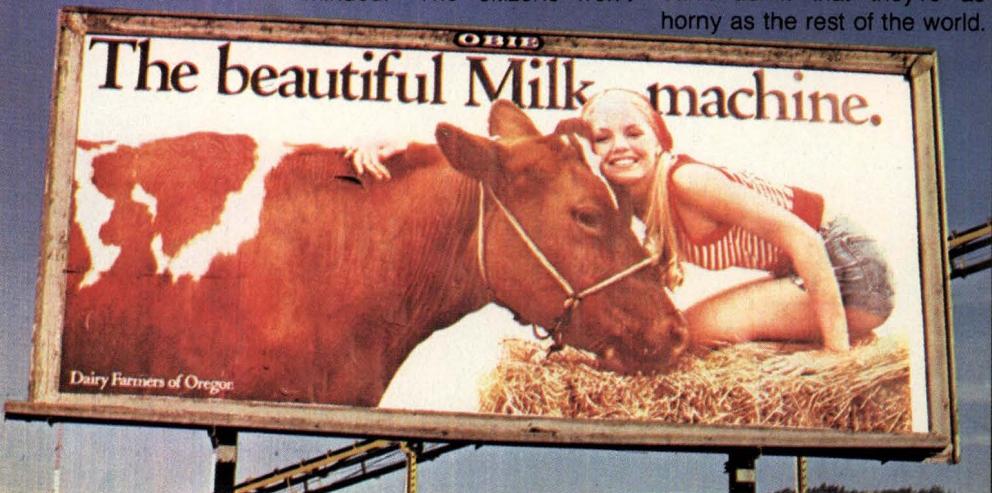
M-o-o-ve over, Madison Avenue—Middle American advertisers are on the hoof, herding subtle sex into their commercials, just as the sophisticated slickers "back East" do. A prime example of the heartland hucksters' sneaky injection of sex into advertising is this bovine billboard, spotted in Grants Pass, Oregon. Obviously, the Dairy Farmers of Oregon weren't as interested in showing the "beautiful Milk machine" of the cow as that of

the inviting model. Which, as a turn-on, makes sense to us—she could "play heifer" on HUSTLER's farm team until the cows come home.

Such suggestive ad campaigns are fine with us, but if

you told the residents of Grants Pass that they were having their libidos tweaked, they'd say it was a lot of bull. According to the reader who sent us this photo, Grants Pass is "ultraconservative and high-minded." The citizens won't

tolerate X-rated movies or up-front erotic mags like HUSTLER, but they don't even notice the sexy double meaning of this ad. We think it's udder-ly ridiculous that the good burghers of Grants Pass can't admit that they're as horny as the rest of the world.



PRESIDENTIAL PRICKS: BLAZE IN THE SADDLE

Presidential politicians are notorious fuckers and suckers, but their money and power usually manage to keep their under-the-cover activities quiet. During the past four administrations, Blaze Starr, the "Queen of Striptease," has inflamed enough Presidential "timber" to blister the paint on the Oval Office walls. Now, at last, she's ready to blow the lid off of the Washington sex-pot by giving HUSTLER an exclusive rundown on the sexual proclivities and perversions of former and (possibly) future U.S. Presidents:

JOHN F. KENNEDY—"I made it with him standing up in a closet" at a noisy party in New Orleans, before JFK's inauguration. "They had every available girl from Bourbon Street, and strippers...and everybody was loud-mouthed and half-naked. . . . I won't say whether he had a big cock or a little one. It was all in how he used it, and he used it well, believe me! . . . He picked up all the sex he could along the way, because Jackie was cold."

TED KENNEDY—"Teddy doesn't mess around with prostitutes... just different strip-



pers who are recommended. If you want to make it with a Kennedy, you have to be recommended by another source."

RICHARD NIXON—"Bebe Rebozo has been his lover since about 1956. Pat Nixon stepped into the background and pretended she didn't know."

SPIRO AGNEW—"I knew him sexually, but it wasn't anything in the heart. He was a good lover, but he wasn't into oral sex, going down. He is too backward and in the long-ago era to be into that."

LYNDON JOHNSON—"Johnson's big thing was filming all the cattle, goats, and sheep on his ranch when they were in heat. He would have them filmed right down to the climax...color, sound, and everything. Then he would invite his close associates to watch the movies with him."

"STICK IT IN YOUR EAR!"

We thought we'd seen everything, but this little vixen presented us with an eerie twist to that old phrase, "Stick it in your ear!"

She's one of those daring young swingers who have become so sexually jaded of late that they'll give a hearing to almost any new and promising orifice or position. At first, the innovative form of aural sex seen here had all the earmarks of a well-planned and executed mind-blowing exercise, but in reality, it proved to be only the result of a miss-guided muscle. However, fear not, America—the chick managed

to keep an open mind on the subject. In fact, she says she was all ears to the point that was being driven home. She also tells us that it's a good cure for the nasty habit of eavesdropping at the ol' keyhole, except that it has been known to cause an occasional and inexplicable headache.

We feel that, if nothing else, this "Mind-Fuck" is sure to become popular with guys who think that all women are just empty-headed cunts who ought to have their heads examined. But perhaps it's still a bit too ear-ly to tell.



OUTHOUSE PEEPER

WHITE CLOUD, Mich.—A 35-year-old Ravenna man faces arraignment for allegedly hiding inside an outdoor toilet at a roadside park and frightening a woman tourist.

Witnesses told police an unidentified female tourist went into the outdoor toilet and saw a man's face peering up at her through the toilet hole. She ran out the door while the man fled through a trapdoor used in cleaning the toilet. Witnesses said he leaped over a fence, tumbled down a hill and landed in the Muskegon River.

The suspect's shoes, motorcycle, and all of his identification were later found at the roadside park. The suspect, whose name was withheld by police, was arrested on a charge of being a disorderly person by engaging in obscene and indecent conduct.



THE MUSIC GIG

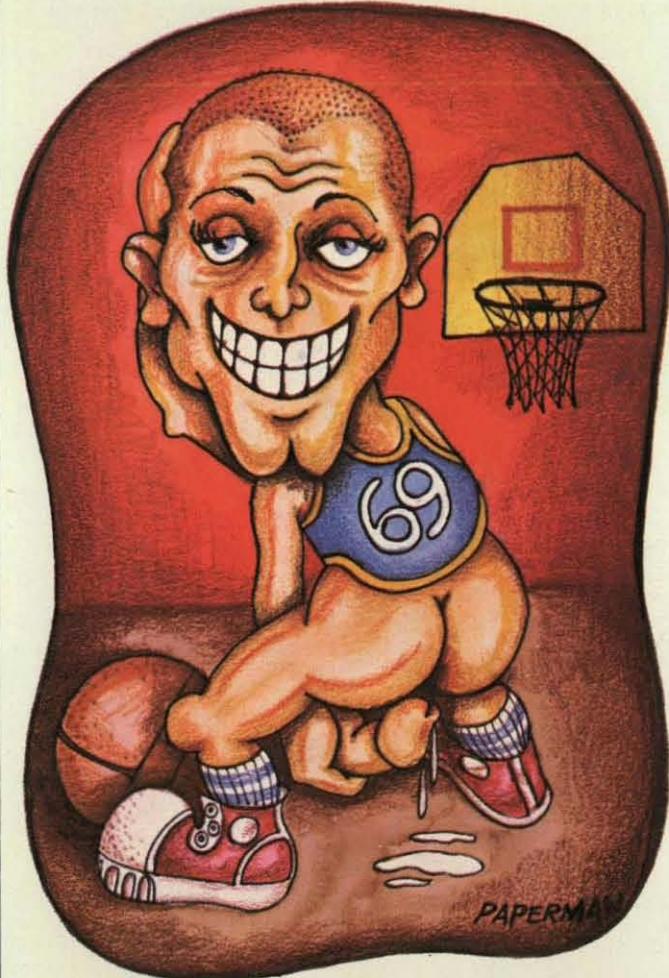
If you love popular music but don't give a rodent's rectum about pot, politics, or Patty Hearst, you'll want to tune in on *The Music Gig* a new monthly tabloid about the music scene. As the title implies, tunes are *Gig*'s primary topic, rather than the political/cultural news emphasis which permeates the competing rock rags, *Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy*. *Gig* is trying to lure away the audience of hard-core music fans who originally made *Rolling*

Stone and *Crawdaddy* successful—before those mags became the *Time/Newsweek* of the counterculture.

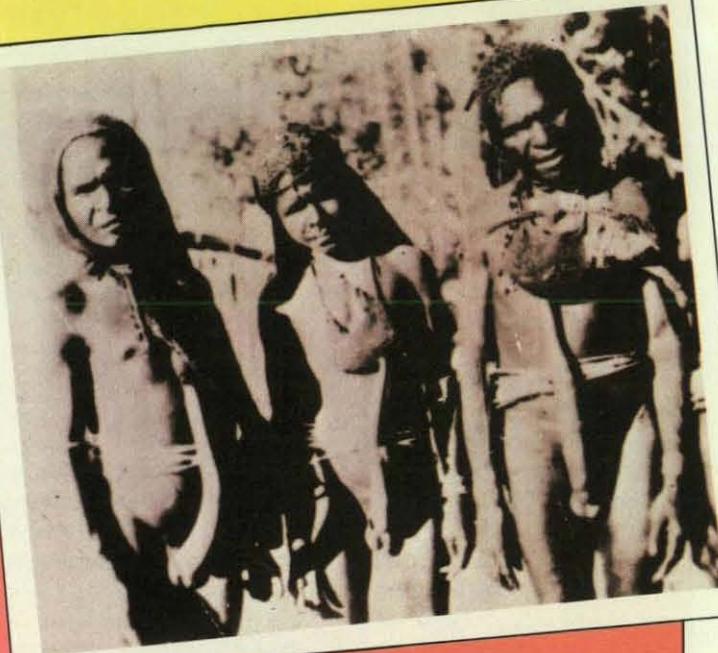
Publisher Jim Cowan's method for rising to the top of the publication sales charts is to provide comprehensive news and reviews of every type of popular music—rock, country, jazz, soul, disco, and classical—along with personality profiles and gossip about per-

formers. *Gig*'s articles are short and punchy, without the tedious length and esoteric analysis found in other popular music periodicals. If you want to give *The Music Gig* a spin, you can catch it playing at a newsstand near you, or order a subscription (\$6.00 for one year, \$11.50 for two years) from *Music Gig*, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



**GO FUCK
YOURSELF**



LEGEND OF THE LONG-DONG ROOT

This weather-beaten photograph of native tribesmen shows the phenomenal effects of the African You-Bang Root on the human phallus. For centuries, native drums have spoken of how the You-Bang Root—plucked from the darkest recesses of the humid equatorial rainforest and smashed into a paste by the tread of a bull elephant—has the power to dynamically stimulate the penis growth of any man who can stomach it. These tribal legends were derided until this photograph was found clutched in the fist of a thirst-crazed diamond prospector who had staggered out of the trackless jungle. Since then, it has been passed from palm to palm in every den of thieves from Hong Kong to

Zanzibar, until the day it was found pinned by a Malay dagger to *HUSTLER*'s door.

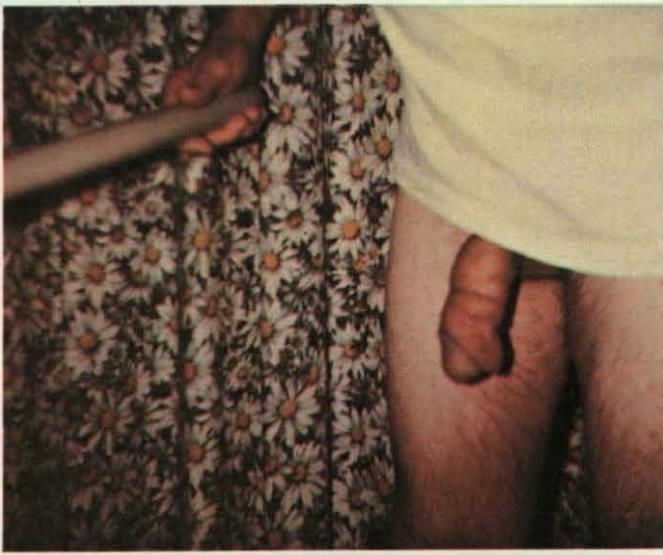
Immediately, our intrepid research staff mounted an expedition into the darkest depths of the primordial jungle. Onward they trekked in their muddy boots in an insane quest for Carnal Knowledge. Through day after sweaty day of hacking through the impenetrable undergrowth the dauntless explorers had but one thought in mind: to locate the lost village of the Long-Dong tribe and return to civilization with the secret of the You-Bang plant.

Imagine their chagrin when they discovered that the natives in the photo were actually a rare breed of pygmies with only normal-sized cocks!

BEAT YER MEAT

This picture shows the absurd lengths to which some guys will go in order to increase the size of their cocks. This swollen-ego reader wrote in to us, puffed up with pride about the "new" method he had discovered for distending the dimensions of his dork. We hate to disappoint him, but the Gestapo pioneered this technique about forty years ago—

although the moans they were trying to elicit were not ones of sexual ecstasy. Look, fellas, it's great to be hung like King Dong, but if you're not, there's no point or purpose in beating yourself over the head about it. Besides, what woman is going to get off on having a cock-shaped version of the Pillsbury Doughboy rooting around in her uterus?



DOING IT WITH MIRRORS

How many times have you fantasized about watching yourself fuck? The prospect of checking out your own humping action—not to mention being able to see more of your woman's ecstatic writhing than just what's in front of your nose—has always been tantalizing, but seemingly impossible. If you've always found this so, perhaps you should reflect on the ingenuity of this lovely looking-glass lady in personifying the image of sex. This chick claims that making love in her little hall of mirrors is like starring in her own hot'n'juicy porno movie with a cast of thousands and an audience stretching into infinity—all of them being she and her man. This sexual fun house has other advantages, as well. "This is one way you can masturbate without going blind," she says, with crystal-

clear logic. "If you like company, you're never alone, and if you're paranoid, you never have to worry about someone sneaking up on you." Outta-sight!



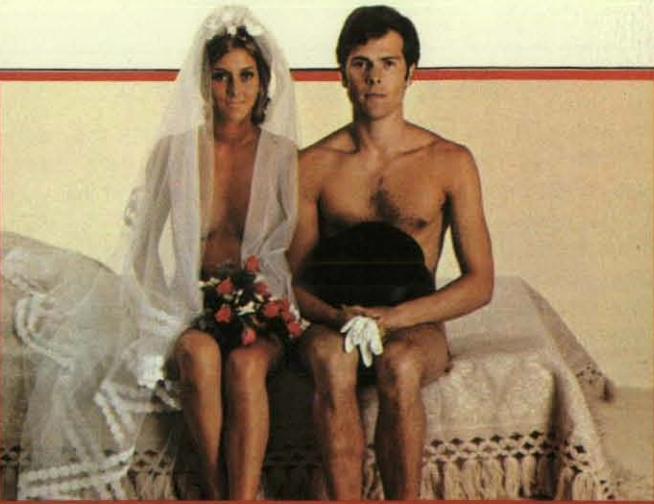
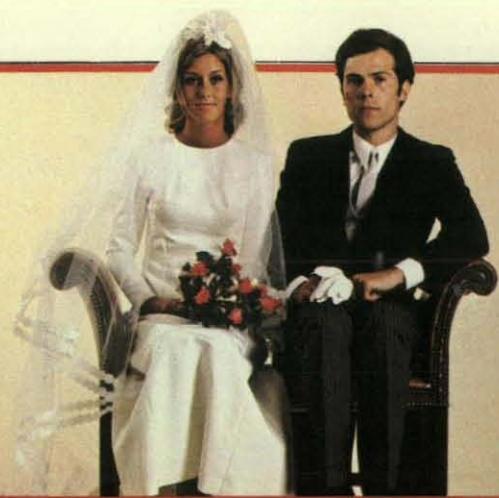
PUCKER POWER

It was just a matter of time before the HUSTLER-inspired fad for shaving pussies came under the sway of the multi-billion-dollar American cosmetic industry. It seems only logical that the same industry that bestowed scented vaginal sprays and special razors for the "swimsuit shaves" would dream up some kind of muff makeup for the virgin skin of a shorn split.

Well, rest assured that those raunchy rascals at Prickter & Dangle (the same boys who brought you "Nerts," the cock-

breath purifier) have done just that with their new, patented "Dick-Stick." P & D has shaped their "Pricklet for your Chicklet" with their usual flair for deviant product design, so that she'll be sure to feel that familiar touch of phallic plush whenever she is applying rouge to her pouting pussy lips.

Marketing strategy includes smearing this glossy photo all over the nudes media, along with P & D's ad slogan: "The lips you love to kiss. . . . A cunt so beautiful, a man could get lost in it."



HERE COMES THE BRIDE

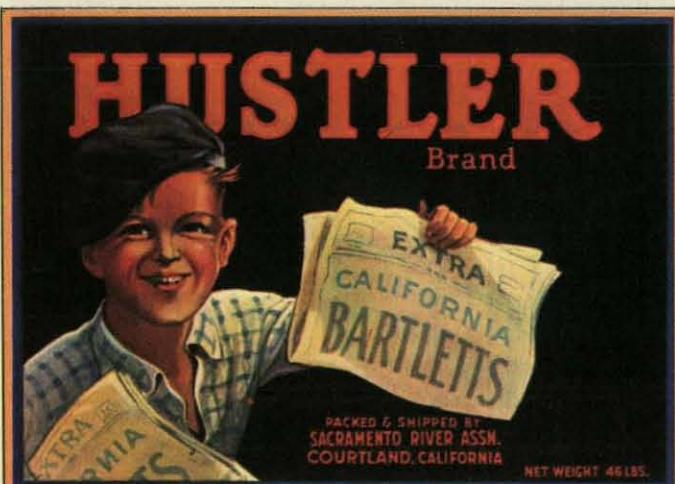
Marriage, 1876—and Marriage, 1976. Once again, HUSTLER highlights an emerging social trend, namely making the wedding ceremony more honestly sexy than it was in the upright and uptight days of old. Like a refreshing breeze of reality, many modern-day cou-

ples are rejecting the formalized hypocrisy of bridal white—which symbolizes a virginity probably lost years earlier with a different guy—in favor of tantalizing and titillating flesh tones.

Some liberated lovers are going even further with their

marriage license, turning their weddings into full-scale celebration-of-the-flesh orgies. The flower girl is deflowered, the maid of honor gets made, the minister gets laid, and the bride and groom say, "I do," while they're doing it, too. And so, more and more often these

days, as wedding balls ring out across the land, they signal a come-one, come-all marathon fuck session which proves who really is "The Best Man."

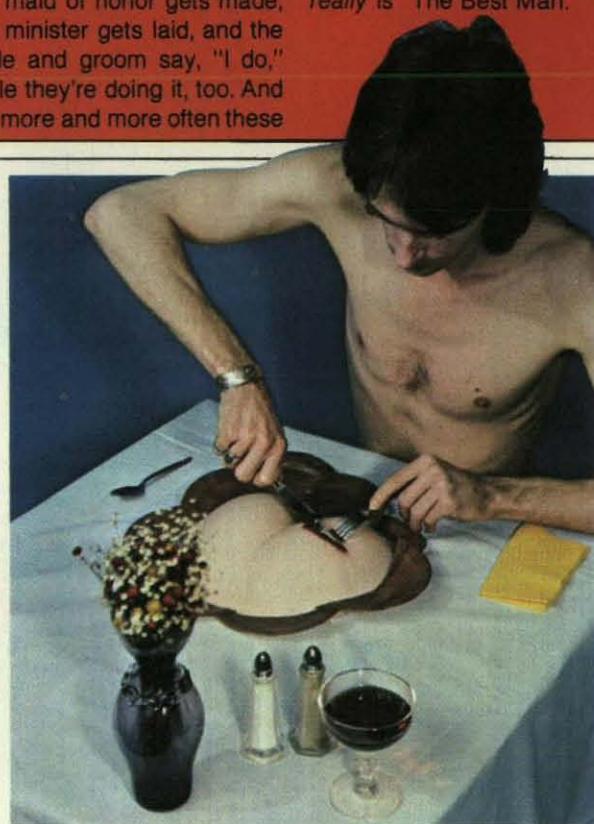


THE LITTLE RASCAL

This fruit crate label was lithographed over thirty years ago. The brand name that stood for the juiciest and most succulent California pears in the '40s now stands for the juiciest and most succulent pairs of labia to pussy buffs across our great Bicentennial country.

Look at the headline on the newspapers under the kid's arm. Note that the "N" in the word "California" is backwards. Check out that self-satisfied smirk on the little sharpie's face as he sells his misprinted papers to unsuspecting customers at full

price! Where is the kid who modeled for this label today? There is a striking resemblance between this newsie of yesteryear and HUSTLER's own Larry Flynt!



RUMP ROAST

Braised butt of *femme* is a longtime favorite in French kitchens and American bedrooms. This dainty dish must be eaten hot when your li'l tenderloin is in the mood for her ration of passion. HUSTLER's Gal-Lapping Gourmet recommends the following procedure for splitting and servicing this meaty morsel:

"First, steak out a claim of side meat on the right flank.

This is called the 'Preacher's Meat' because it was originally popularized by itinerant sky pilots in the South. The remaining hot sweetmeat is portioned into choice, sizzling cunt-lets, liberally garnished with tube steak and meatballs, and eaten with relish. This piece of ass is lip-smackin' good, and, if properly prepared, your joint should stick to her ribs." *Bone appetit!*



HER ROYAL HINEY

Even a cat can look at a king, they say, but can a commoner gaze upon a princess's pussy? Probably not—unless you happen to be King Dong. But recently her British subjects

were treated to the sight of Princess Anne's ass. And now, so have you.

She's a trifle broad in the beam, 'tis true, but there is something undeniably provoc-



SELECTA EROTICA

Competition is the name of the game in erotic magazine publishing—even for the most hard-core publications in the field. Case in point: *Selecta*, a new color picture magazine from Sweden, is bidding to take the title of "World's Most Erotic Magazine" away from *Private*, the Swedish import which was written up in our February Bits & Pieces. Like *Private*, *Selecta*

ative about having a nodding acquaintance with a royal rear. Having glimpsed her cheeky charms, the chances are that none of us colonists would decline a command perfor-

ta features full-color photo spreads which follow a romantic boy-girl story line, climaxing in hot and heavily-explicit pictures of their passionate and athletic lovemaking.

The difference is that *Selecta*'s erotic photo features are generally more handsomely produced than *Private*'s. The pictures are more sharply focused, the color is more vivid, and the models and poses are more natural looking and life-like. And as an extra fillip, *Selecta* always features a steamy spread starring the same regally-beautiful girls who appear on their covers. The effect is like seeing the *Cosmopolitan* cover girl fucking and sucking her boyfriend.

If you're interested in a super hard-core pictorial magazine that tries harder, you can obtain *Selecta* for \$7.00 per issue from *Selecta Magazine AB*, P. O. Box 949, Lidingo, Sweden S-18109.

mance while having her royal hind-ness hover over his face. So, here's a toast to Anne's tushy. God save the princess, and may her moon never set over the British Empire.

TOE JOB

HUSTLER is there, on the sex-fronts of the world: Foot fetishism is the coming rage, as proved by the

way this tow-headed waif is making her man's spirits soar (along with Desenex

stock). If you want to be a courant, you'll have to toe the line, so have your honey

tongue your toe-jam tonite—and hope she hits the nail on the head like this tootsie does!

TUPPY OWENS CONFESSES, "I RAPED AL GOLDSTEIN"

by Norman Jackson

Al Goldstein is called a lot of names by his detractors: slanderer, degenerate, and cunt-lapping porn fiend are typical barbs. Even his fans see Goldstein as a talented but fucked-up character, whose eloquent, witty, and courageous journalism is swiss-cheesed with a grossness that knows no bottom depths. His seems to be a mentality that, while brilliant, is nevertheless not playing the game with a full bag of marbles.

Thus it was that Tuppy Owens' total adoration of him came as a jolt. "He's scrumptious!" the madcap sexologist



said of Screw's editor-in-chief at her office/apartment in London's West End.

I interviewed Tuppy while researching my forthcoming book, *Sexy Europe* (Pinnacle Books). She's a demurely pretty girl, a young-looking 30. Her bearing is very British, but, in her ladylike way, Tuppy says and does the raunchiest things. "I raped Al, you know," she said primly. "When he came to London for the first time, I was assigned by a newspaper to interview him. I took him out to dinner, and afterward I raped him."

"If I may say so, he was a fabulous lay. To this day, I regard Al Goldstein as one of the all-time great studs.... Behind his uncouth facade, Al has tremendous warmth and personality. For instance, that very first evening in the restaurant he was able to get my knickers sopping wet just by the way he looked at me. He had a trick of making chit-chat, say about

the weather, while at the same time he'd lick his lips and gaze hungrily toward my vagina.

"On the way home from dinner, I decided I'd give him an English rape. We were walking to his hotel in the rain. Suddenly, I steered him into a side street, shoved him against a fence rail—and raped his chubby brains out!"

Rape? Was she implying that Goldstein resisted?

"He pretended to. Not very hard, though. Actually, the only

Furthermore, the man absolutely dotes on cunnilingus. That's something that'll please any girl. At the hotel that night, Al reamed my pussy for close to an hour before he came up for air. In my opinion, the Goldstein tongue should be bronzed and exhibited at the Smithsonian."

I asked her to describe Goldstein's cock.

"It's a very tough cock, actually," said Tuppy. "He likes having fingernails dug into it—



hard thing between us was his stiff prick. . . ."

I asked Tuppy if she and Al had brought off their first coupling in a standing posture.

"Yes, and I must say it was one of the messiest fucks of my life. When we wadded my white trousers down to my ankles, they got caked with mud. We finally went back to the hotel to finish each other off."

I inquired as to why Tuppy rates the prurient Punchinello such a superlative lay.

"Because he's so different. Doing him standing up in the rain was like humping the rudder of an upended dirigible.

which I have to force myself to do for fear of hurting him. But the more you gouge him, the better Al likes it. You really almost have to injure him to make him feel anything. I think he must be a good, hard wanker—masturbator to you Yanks."

Tuppy confessed to sharing

Goldstein's affinity for rough sexual handling.

"I'm not a masochist, mind you, and neither is Al, but I do enjoy being mauled a bit. I remember one of the most exciting evenings I've ever spent. I went out with three male friends, me the only girl. They pawed me the whole evening. They stole feels of my breasts and squeezed my bottom. One of them even finger-fucked me to climax under a restaurant table. I adored it."

Recalling the blow job Tuppy did on Goldstein under an Amsterdam restaurant table, I remarked that she seems to have a thing for screwing around in public.

"Do you suppose I'm an exhibitionist?" she smiled unrepentantly. "It happened quite spontaneously. We were with some dull people, fashion models, in an Amsterdam restaurant called the Grass Glass. Poor Al was bored stiff. He sat there sighing and belching and frowning until my heart nearly broke for him. So I said to him, simply, 'Do you want a blow job, Al?' and he replied just as simply, 'Yes.' I said, 'OK,' whereupon I ducked under the table and went down on him. It was as casual as that.... Our companions were mortified, of course. The models kept saying, 'Oh, this is terrible, those sounds Al and Tuppy are making! Tuppy's got to get up!' When the manager came to eject us, he told me I ought to be ashamed of myself.

"I withered him with a haughty look and said, 'Ashamed, indeed! It's you and this restaurant who ought to be ashamed. In England we have tablecloths!'"

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips, and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This month, our thanks (and Half-A-Yard) go to the following contributors: Robert E. McNamara, Jay Lynch, Al Smith, Glen Zubris, and Norman Jackson. Thanks also to the Pleasure Chest in New York, and the City Gift Shoppe in Columbus, for providing us with the nifty novelties used in Bits & Pieces. 

WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET

All of us at **HUSTLER** Magazine would like to thank you for your overwhelming support since we began publishing in July, 1974. We feel that our magazine is your magazine, and our goal is to give you the best possible publication available. To do this, we'd like to know something about your preferences and how you feel about **HUSTLER**.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? _____
 (City) _____ (State) _____

1. SINCE YOU FIRST SAW AN ISSUE OF **HUSTLER**, ABOUT HOW MANY ISSUES, IN TOTAL, HAVE YOU READ OR LOOKED THROUGH?

I've seen 12 to 20 (or more) issues
 I've seen 6 to 11 issues
 I've seen 3 to 5 issues
 I've seen one or two issues

2. WHERE DID YOU OBTAIN THIS ISSUE OF **HUSTLER**?

Magazine/Book Store
 Airport
 Hotel/Motel
 Drug Store
 Convenience Store/Food Store
 Independent Newsstand
 In the mail—I'm a subscriber
 It was given to me by someone

3. WHAT DO YOU DO WITH BACK ISSUES OF **HUSTLER**?

I save them
 I throw them away
 I give them away

4. INCLUDING YOURSELF, ABOUT HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL READ OR LOOK THROUGH THIS ISSUE OF **HUSTLER**?

5. DO YOU NOW OWN A CAR? Yes No
 (If yes) HOW MANY? _____

6. DO YOU OWN A TRUCK? Yes No
 (If yes) WHAT TYPE? Pick-Up
 Compact Van
 Tractor/Tractor Trailer
 Other

7. IF YOU OWN A MOTORCYCLE, MOTORBIKE, OR TRAILBIKE, CHECK

8. IF YOU OWN A RECREATIONAL VEHICLE SUCH AS A MOTOR HOME (WINNEBAGO, ETC.) OR CAMPER, CHECK

9. IF YOU OWN A CITIZEN'S BAND (CB) RADIO, CHECK

10. IN WHAT SPORTS DO YOU ACTIVELY PARTICIPATE?

11. IF YOU OWN A STEREO OR QUAD SOUND SYSTEM, CHECK
 (If yes) IF YOUR SOUND SYSTEM CONSISTS OF SEPARATE COMPONENTS, CHECK

12. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT, CHECK

13. IF YOU GENERALLY SMOKE AT LEAST ONCE A DAY, CHECK

(If yes) IS THAT USUALLY: Cigarettes
 Cigars
 A pipe
 Little cigars

14. PLEASE CHECK THE BEVERAGES YOU DRINK OR SERVE AT HOME:

Beer	<input type="checkbox"/>	Scotch Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/>
Malt Liquor	<input type="checkbox"/>	Bourbon	<input type="checkbox"/>
Domestic Wine	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gin	<input type="checkbox"/>
Imported Wine	<input type="checkbox"/>	Vodka	<input type="checkbox"/>
Blended Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/>	Rum	<input type="checkbox"/>
Canadian Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/>	Cordials, Liqueur	<input type="checkbox"/>

15. IF YOU HAVE TRAVELED OUT OF TOWN IN THE PAST YEAR, CHECK

(If yes) PLEASE CHECK EACH OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:

A. ON BUSINESS FOR PLEASURE
 B. BY AIR BY CAR BY BUS BY TRAIN BY SHIP
 C. WITHIN THE U.S. TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY
 D. ABOUT HOW MANY TIMES _____

16. PLEASE GIVE US A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF YOUR JOB (OR YOUR JOB TITLE):

17. CHECK YOUR AGE:

18 to 24
 25 to 34
 35 to 49
 50 or Older

Male
 Female

18. WHAT IS YOUR SEX:

Single
 Married
 Divorced
 Separated

19. MARITAL STATUS:

Post graduate college
 College graduate
 Attended college
 High school graduate
 Less than high school graduate

20. INCLUDING YOURSELF, HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE THERE LIVING IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD?

HOW MANY CHILDREN UNDER 18 (IF ANY) ARE THERE LIVING IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD?

21. CHECK YOUR EDUCATION:

Under \$5,000
 \$5,000 to \$7,999
 \$8,000 to \$9,999
 \$10,000 to \$14,999
 \$15,000 to \$24,999
 \$25,000 or Over

22. PLEASE CHECK YOUR TOTAL YEARLY HOUSEHOLD INCOME:

23. IF YOU REGULARLY READ ANY OTHER MEN'S (SEXUALLY-ORIENTED) MAGAZINES. CHECK
 (If yes) WHICH ONE'S?

24. OTHER THAN THE ABOVE, WHAT MAGAZINES DO YOU REGULARLY READ?

25. WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE FOLLOWING REGULAR **HUSTLER** FEATURES?

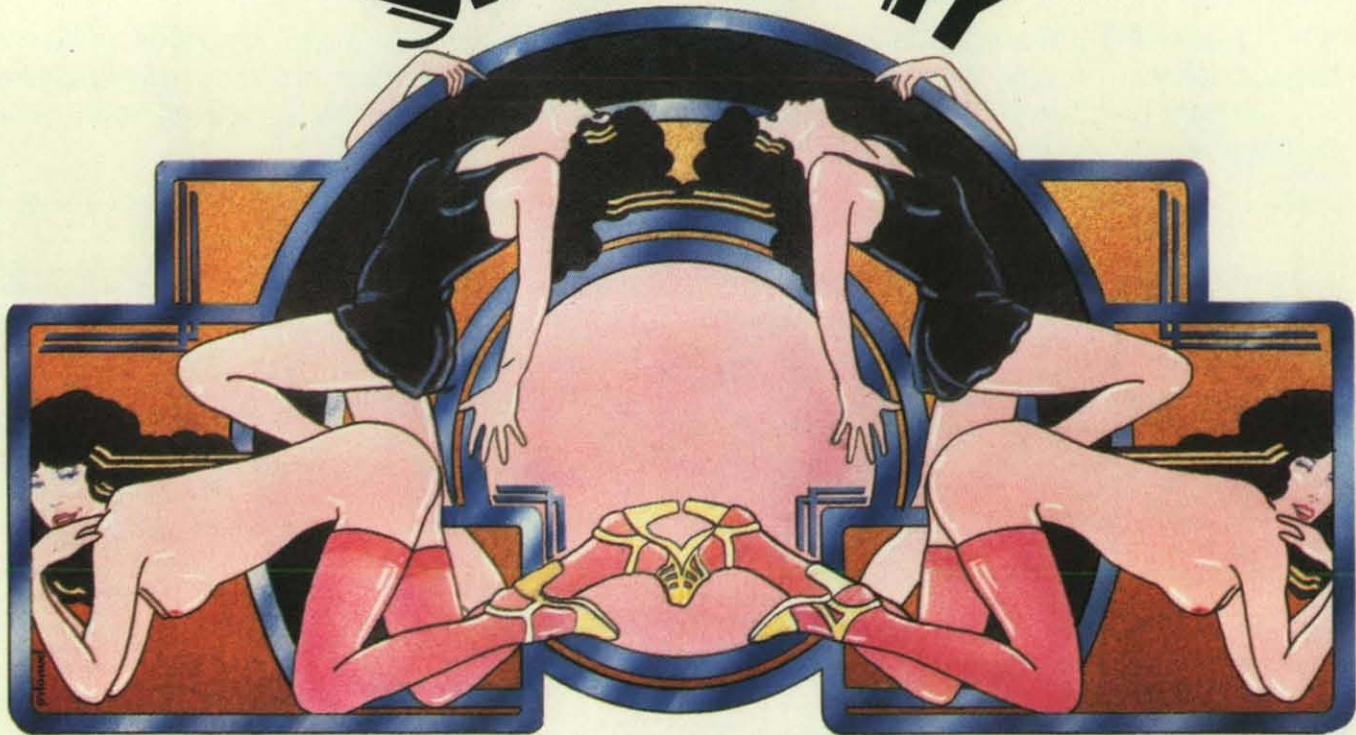
	EXCELLENT	FAIR	POOR
Publisher's Statement	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Feedback	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Advise & Consent	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bits & Pieces	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sex Play	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
X-Rated Movie Reviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
X-Rated Book Reviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sex Bits	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Kinky Korner	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Girl Pictorials	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hustler Interviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hustler Profiles	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fiction Stories	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Cartoons	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hustler Humor	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Non-Fiction Articles	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Honey Hooker	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Astrological Guide	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
To Sex & Money	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Philosopher Quotes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

26. COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR **HUSTLER**:

NEED MORE ROOM? SEND US A LETTER WITH YOUR COMMENTS. WE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU.

Thanks for your help. Now simply cut out or tear out this page and mail in an envelope to:
Burke Marketing Research Inc., 1529 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45206.

SEX PLAY



Men's Orgasms

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the eleventh part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

There has been a lot of discussion about women's orgasms in recent years—whether they come from vaginal or clitoral stimulation, the fact that women can have multiple orgasms, and the problem of many women who don't have orgasms at all. But there has been very little discussion of men's orgasms. Many men come too soon, some can't get it up, and others get an erection but have trouble coming. Beyond that, there hasn't been much discussion. You get it up, get it in, bump in and out for awhile, come, feel good or not-so-good, and that's all there is to it. Or is it?

A man's orgasm is really tricky. You can come too soon, in which case it might just run out with no particular pleasure. Or you may be good at holding back, in which case you are blocking your pleasure, and when you do come it might not be as good as it would have been if you hadn't tried to delay it. If you don't have either of these problems, your orgasm might not be giving you the kind of pleasure you should be getting out of it.

Let's take the first possibility—you sometimes come sooner than you would like. There are a lot of possible reasons why this might happen, and several things you

can do about it. The underlying reason is usually that you don't *really* want to be having sex with this woman at this time. There can be a lot of reasons for this, like getting into something you are sorry about, or you are tired of her, or you just aren't in the mood today but she is. The point is that your penis just doesn't want to do it. If you force it, you will come quickly to get out of there. There are several things you can do to prevent this, including the famous Masters and Johnson squeeze technique. To do this, you have intercourse with the woman on top. You start with her not moving at all so that you can get used to

being in her without coming (you might try this for a couple of nights until you feel comfortable with it). Then she starts to move very slowly. As soon as you feel you are about to come, but before it's too late, tell her to stop and get off. She does, and then she takes your penis in her hand and squeezes it firmly on the shaft just below the head. She can squeeze quite hard without hurting. The result is that the desire to come goes away, and some of your erection is lost.

She then gets back on you and moves slowly again. This is repeated often over a period of a week or so. The result is that you soon get much better control and are able to keep going longer before coming. Besides the squeeze technique, the best thing to do to avoid coming too quickly is to try to relax and get comfortable with what you are doing. Take it easy, don't worry about it, and, if you do come too quickly, wait awhile and try again. The second time you usually have a lot more staying power.

Another problem you might have is trying to hold back from coming. Some men get really good at this and can hold back as long as they like, but then sometimes they find that when they want to let go, they can't. They are all jammed up inside. This is really a sticky one, because if you don't hold back it can all be over sooner than you or your partner want it to be. One good thing to do here is to brush up on your other techniques. If you eat into a woman for twenty minutes, you can send her into outer space and not strain your penis at all. Then when

ing the whole area around the prostate and the internal sexual organs. A man's penis and testicles hang outside, but there is a lot of equipment inside, too, including all of the stuff that causes the orgasm. The climax begins with the buildup of fluids in the prostate gland and the seminal vesicle. Ejaculation occurs when the rhythmic contraction of the muscles in which these glands are embedded, along with the contractions of the ducts through which the seminal fluid passes, forces the semen out. The strength of the ejaculation and the degree of pleasure felt from it can be increased by strengthening the muscles which do the contracting.

How do you strengthen these muscles? They are part of a complex of muscles at the bottom of the body which, basically, hold everything in. They can't be exercised by any athletic activity, so they can be out of shape even in active people. Squeezing these muscles is the same as trying to stop from farting—a tight squeeze around the ass. If you squeeze these muscles and hold them tight, you can feel them stimulating the internal sex organs. Now squeeze them and hold them as tight as you can while you count off the seconds. If you are like most men, you will give out at around ten. If you are in great shape, you can get to thirty. If you are not in great shape and want to get that way, you can exercise.

The exercise involves squeezing the muscle tight and then holding it for a count of two each time. Repeat this twice a day. Every couple of days increase the length of

and stick to it. Remember that your sexual well-being is at stake. Hard fucking takes good lungs and a strong heart. It also takes a trim and limber body, and that is something else worth working on. A little yoga or other exercises to make your hips flexible can't hurt, either.

With this strengthening it is also important to keep relaxed inside and out. You want strong muscles, but not tight muscles. If the interior muscles tighten up on you, they can cramp the release of orgasm. It is worthwhile to keep these muscles relaxed. It takes a while to learn, but with practice you can keep the interior muscles relaxed during orgasm, thereby spreading the orgasm out and producing a rush which can run through your whole body. This is done by pushing out or down on the muscles around your ass, as though you are trying to shit, when you start to come. When you have mastered this technique, it will short-circuit the usual contractions and send the orgasmic sensations in a rush throughout your body. Whoosh! Fantastic!

Finally, one of the most interesting things you can do with your orgasms is not have them. While it is great to fuck and come, it can also be great to fuck and not come. If you feel exhilarated and really into it while fucking, but let down after you come, try not coming. That way you can keep the "up" feeling as long as you like. At first this may seem a bit strange, but after you try it a couple of times you can really get into it. Not coming can be especially useful at a group-sex party, so you can fuck as many women

The strength of the ejaculation and the degree of pleasure felt can be increased by strengthening the muscles.

you come into her, you can let it all come out.

Suppose you don't have any of these problems. You just want more to happen when you come. You want to get more out of it. You might have noticed that women often seem to get a lot more out of orgasms than men do. Why should women have these fantastic orgasms, which send them into ecstatic writhing with their fingernails digging into our backs, when we don't feel anything quite like that? The answer is that it doesn't have to be that way. There is a lot we can do to get more into our orgasms.

The first thing you might try is strengthen-

time you keep the muscle squeezed until it is up to ten seconds or so. In three or four weeks you will find your orgasm becoming stronger and more explosively powerful as the muscles which produce the orgasm become stronger.

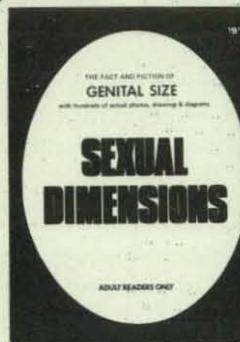
Along with strengthening the internal muscles which produce orgasm, there is no substitute for good overall conditioning. Whether it's bicycling, climbing, calisthenics, swimming, etc., there is no way you can expect to be in great shape in bed if you are in lousy shape otherwise. There are dozens of good shape-up programs available in books, at the "Y," etc. Pick one

as you want without running out of gas.

Training yourself not to come is easier than you may think. Basically, all it involves is knowing when you are getting close to orgasm and then either stopping your movements or pulling out. I have found the hardest part of this kind of love-making to be the attitudes of women. They usually want to know what the hell I'm doing, and why I'm not coming. I usually say, "Why should I come? I'm really enjoying being in you and fucking. If I come, it will be all over. This way we can keep going."

If she has a few extra orgasms while you are holding back, all the better. 

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE



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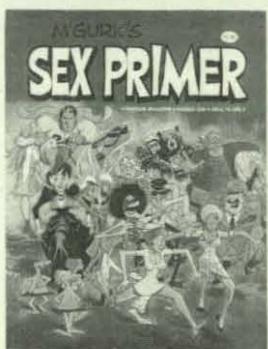
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SEX BITS

CALI, COLUMBIA (HNS) — If you and your mate decide to produce an offspring, you'd better make sure that your respective sperm and egg are both fresh and vigorous.

R. Guerrero and Oscar Rojas, Cali medical researchers, have determined that when a tired sperm meets a tired egg, the result can be a miscarriage. The two doctors gleaned this bit of reproductive wisdom by measuring the probability of miscarriage after intercourse on a given day of the menstrual cycle in relation to the day of the shift in the female partner's body temperature. The data was based on 965 cases of intercourse and fertilization.

SHREWSBURY, MASS. (HNS) — A scientific basis has been established for the long-recognized belief that the mere sight of a strange attractive female results in a change in the sexual-hormone level in men.

Working with those ever-loving rats—which, regardless of their looks, do have an awful lot in common with humans—scientists at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology at Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, found the testosterone levels of male rodents shot upward when a new female was introduced onto the scene.

The researchers had earlier shown that female rodents also get a sex recharge out of meeting new male rats.

NEW YORK (HNS) — Somewhere between 400,000 and 900,000 American women got pregnant last year, and tried to get legal abortions and failed, according to the Alan Guttmacher Institute of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "Most of the pregnancies ended up as unwanted children in the cradles of people who could least afford them," said Christopher Tietze, principal investigator in the study.

Tietze went on to say that the reason so

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

many women could not get abortions was because some 85 percent of all public hospitals—where poorer women most often go—had not performed a single abortion by the end of the first quarter. The majority of the American women who succeeded in obtaining legal abortions (approximately 900,000) went to private clinics in large metropolitan areas, and often had to pay high fees in advance, Tietze added.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — Gonorrhea has been joined by another "social problem" that already has reached epidemic proportions in the U.S., says the American Medical Association. This new "problem"—a product of the "sexual revolution"—is pubic lice, or as they are more informally called, "crabs."

The incidence of crabs has shot up an estimated 50 percent in the past year, according to the AMA, and the main carriers are girls between the ages of 15 and 19, and men over 20. Pubic lice are tiny, but big enough to be seen with the naked eye. They are usually found in the pubic area, but may also infest the armpits, the hair on the head, and even the eyelashes. The itchy little critters can be transmitted

through clothing and bedding, but the usual mode is through sexual intercourse, the AMA said.

TOKYO (HNS) — Sometime in the near future, the Japanese Ministry of Justice may "totally liberalize" abortions, gambling, pornography and prostitution. Following a recent study of the "four evils," the Ministry found that the number of arrests for offenses in these areas had decreased significantly, although the volume of such activities—with the exception of abortions—had increased several-fold in the past 10 years.

In 1975 over 100 million bets were placed on mahjong games alone, and there were only 1600 arrests, with most of these being known gangster figures, the M.O.J. spokesman said. The volume of prostitution was estimated to have gone up almost 200 percent since 1969, but arrests were down 50 percent. A total of 1500 porno arrests were made, even though pornography "is rampant in daily life."

There were only two arrests for abortions in Japan last year, although there are an estimated 700,000 abortions annually. Arbitrary abortions are illegal in Japan, but are allowed if the woman states that the pregnancy in any way harms her mental or physical well-being, or would disrupt her economic situation.

The M.O.J. spokesman said that the trend is definitely toward non-punishment for "morality crimes," but that it was premature to remove them from the Criminal Code.

ATHENS (HNS) — Is your sex-life suffering from a lack of passion? If so, you may be living too close to a factory or major automobile thoroughfare. A Greek professor has accumulated evidence which indicates that factory and car exhaust put a damper on the libido. Former police deputy

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D. Vranopoulos said at a press conference that the professor's data shows 75 percent of the residents of Athens are suffering from pollution-induced sexual frigidity.

SACRAMENTO (HNS) — Men who oppose female liberation had better check their own masculine self-esteem, confirms Kathleen Kearney, R. R. Kleinhesselink and J. W. Grulie of Washington State University. In a paper presented at the Western Psychological Association convention in Sacramento, the team said that men who were sexually turned off by liberated women were down on their own sexual prowess.

Some men, it turns out, are so put down by sexually liberated women that they cannot even get an erection when presented with an opportunity to fuck one who displays feminist leanings.

HONOLULU (HNS) — Young men and women who have had several premarital sexual partners are not necessarily more indifferent or callous about subsequent sexual affairs or their attitudes toward marriage, according to a study at the University of Hawaii.

Dr. Davor Jedlicka found that among 110 coeds and 124 male students who had had two or more sexual partners, commitment actually grew with each new relationship in an overwhelming majority of cases. Jedlicka said that emotional involvement among the men was more direct and clear-cut than that among the women, particularly among those who had had four or more lovers.

Interestingly, only five of the men said they had contemplated marrying their first sex partner, while ten of the women each said she had thought about marrying her first lover.

SINGAPORE (HNS) — Virgins have always brought top dollar in the Orient, apparently because the demand always seems to be ahead of supply. An enterprising syndicate in Singapore decided to cash in on the market in this tropical crossroads of the world and is now in trouble with the law.

The syndicate is accused of smuggling

THE PHILOSOPHER
We tear life out of life to use it for looking at itself.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

virgin girls into Singapore from Malaysia, Thailand and nearby Indonesian islands, and then renting the chicks out to local wealthy businessmen for as much as \$3,000 a week. A customer wanting to keep the same girl for a second week has to pay double the first week's fee, the police investigators said—which is one good way of encouraging a regular turnover in girls. Businessmen who decide to keep the girls of their choice as permanent mistresses were reported to have paid up to \$25,000 for the right to do so.

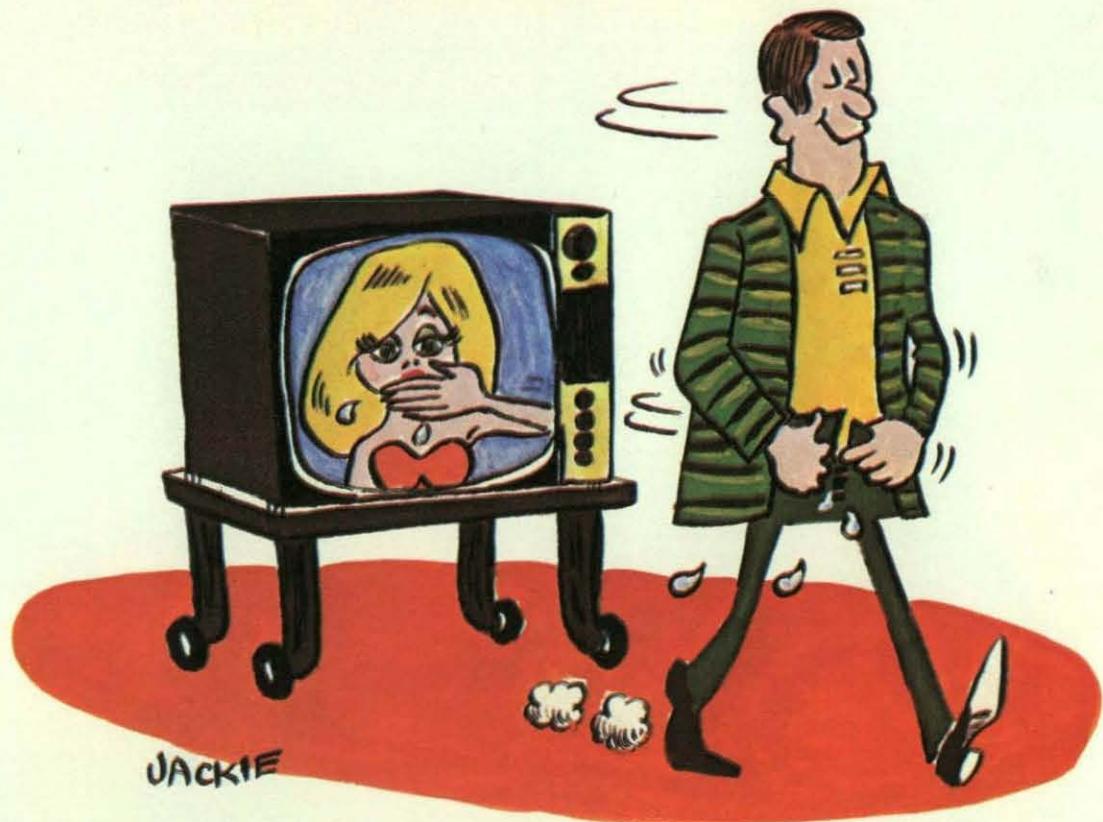
MELBOURNE (HNS) — An Australian scientist has perfected an anti-pregnancy vaccine that is effective for a full year. Dr. Geoffrey Tregear, a respected research scientist, reports that he has so far tested the vaccine only on animals, but that it will be ready for testing on humans within two years. Tregear predicted that the vaccine would be in mass production for general use by 1980.

In the meantime, researchers at the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences have reported development of a nasal spray to replace the Pill. The new spray solution, developed because Indian women are usually negligent in taking pills regularly, has so far proven effective in female monkeys. The scientists who developed the spray contraceptive say it is as effective as the Pill, but has even fewer side effects because it only has to be used five times a month, thereby reducing the amount of the active steroids the user ingests.

HONOLULU (HNS) — Full-fledged fertility rituals, harking back to the dawn of man's history—but with a new twist—may soon experience a rebirth in Hawaii. The Association of Professional Hula Dancers in this Pacific outpost reports that growing numbers of men are once again taking up the hula.

The hula dance was originally a key part of traditional Hawaiian sexual rituals, and it was reserved exclusively for men. By the time American missionaries arrived on the Hawaiian scene, however, the women had managed to wiggle their way into the act. The missionaries soon got the dance outlawed entirely, and it survived only because a few die-hard Hawaiians continued to practice the traditional rituals clandestinely.

With the new sexual freedom and interest in returning to the basics of life, it would appear that the hula has a good chance of experiencing a full revival—only this time its total purpose will be for the pleasure of physical and mental health. 





HAVE A LITTLE
FAITH



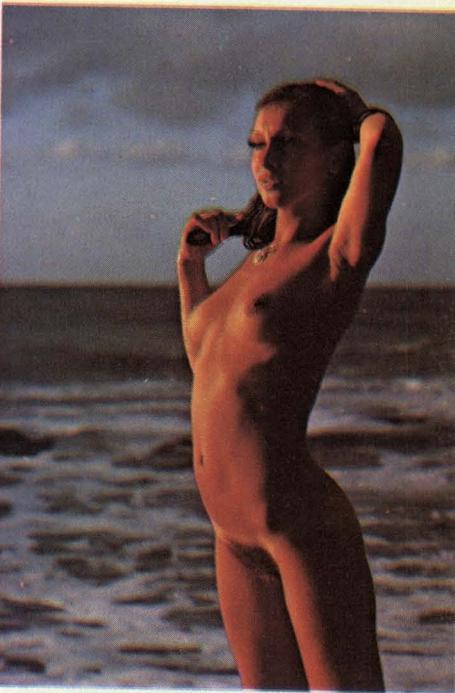
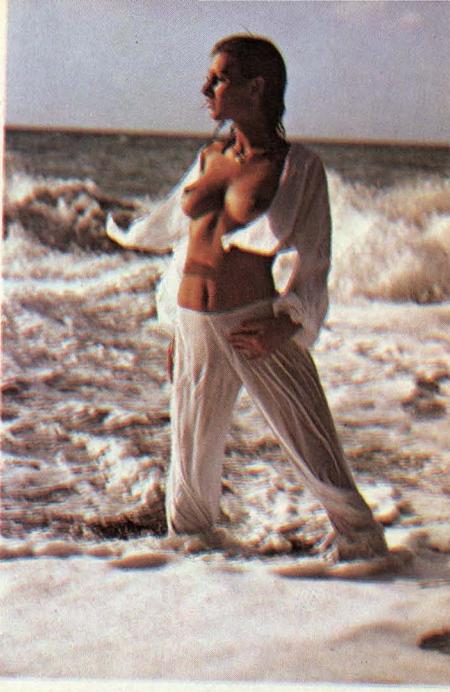


An old adage from the Hebrew Bible holds that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," but it surely doesn't apply to the "Faith" seen here. While our Faith's smoldering beauty is definitely "the substance of things hoped for," there is nothing "not seen" about her when she is in her element—the arms of a sensuous man.

"I exist to give a man pleasure," Faith says in a smoky voice. "I want to lay myself open to him, to let him drink himself full of the sight of me. I watch his eyes as they move over my body, lingering lovingly on every curve and hollow. Then he takes me, with long, slow strokes that cause waves of pleasure to roll over me, each one more intense than the last. By giving myself to a man so completely, I take my fulfillment. It's said that 'Faith can move mountains,' but my ambitions are smaller—I only want to help my man get his rocks off."









Brian Miller

The Hired Gal

An American Primitive Caricature, with Down-Home Debts to Erskine Caldwell, Li'l Abner, Ma and Pa Kettle, and All Those Farmer's Daughter Stories

by Ray Russell

This is all about me, Jug, the Simses, and the hired gal. It goes a long way back, but I recollect it pretty good and aim to tell it exactly how it happened. I won't make up anything out of my head.

The things that bother most of us never bothered Jug, don't you see. A lot of us fuss about the whos, whens, whats, hows and whys of plowing. That never bothered him.

The first thing he plowed, of course, was Rosy Palm and her five daughters, but he soon got over that. Graduated, you might say. But it was good enough while it lasted. He'd go out behind the barn, or to the outhouse, a couple of times a day, and he'd bring along a picture of a gal in her underwear he cut out of the Sears Roebuck catalog and he'd study it awhile.

But, like I say, he soon got over that and went on to bigger and better things.

The hired gal, for instance. She was a foreign gal we had out to the farm one summer, Bohemian or Polish or something like that. About fifteen. Awful dumb. But kind of cute, with yellow pigtales, cornflower eyes and a pair of real well-developed chests on her. She had just about the prettiest little sitter I ever saw, too. Well, Jug's eyeballs lit on her one day when she was hunkered down feeding the chickens, first or second day she worked for us I think it was, and that was the day he graduated from Rosy Palm.

Only thing was, he didn't know how to go about it. Hell, he was only fourteen. All he knew was, when she was squatted down on her haunches like that, with her meal-sack dress stretched tight across her sitter, he got this feeling in his jeans, like if by magic. He didn't know why. There it was. So what he did was he sauntered over to her, looked her straight in the eye and unbuttoned himself.

"Looky here," he said. "You ever seen the like of this before?"

Well, she didn't know what to say. Her mouth just fell open like a steam shovel. She couldn't hardly speak a word of English anyway. She just *run*.

But she run in the wrong direction. She run for the barn. That was her big mistake. I was all the way in the house, drinking coffee in the kitchen, and I heard her even in there. Squealed like a stuck pig, but the pair of them got on like a house afire, after that.

Jug's maw, she died when he was born, poor little lady. Right fond of her, I was. She's buried out in the rear pasture, underneath the big slippery elm. I raised Jug myself. Maybe that's why he turned out so wild, with no maw to teach him proper ways. Jug wasn't his real name. I called him that on account of his ears.

One day, the hired gal came to me and in that broken English of hers told me she couldn't hardly get no work done. Jug was always after her. I talked to the boy, but he said, "Paw, when I see that gal just walk past me in that thin dress of hers and her legs all bare and everything, that durn thing just stands straight up like a skunk's tail and ain't a dang thing I can do about it except grab that gal and let her have it."

Just then, she walked past the window, carrying a pail, and the way her sitter moved under that dress, I saw what he meant. It was a chilly morning, and her nipples poked out the cloth like a couple of kidney beans.

"You run along and feed the hogs," I told the boy, "and I'll talk to the gal."

So he took off, and then I took off...after the gal. Caught up to her out by the pump and told her to take a rest for herself, come back to the house and have a cup of coffee.

She was setting there in the kitchen, drinking her coffee, and I got to thinking about my life, and how lonely it was. Kept looking at them straight smooth fifteen-year-old legs. Them chests. Them big dumb blue eyes.

"Child," I said, "I think you could use a bath." She could, too. So I heated up some water on the stove and filled the big washtub right there in the middle of the kitchen floor. Told her to take off that dress. She didn't want to at first, but I guess she thought she could trust me because I was like a father or something, must have seemed like an old man to her. So she took it off, and *Judas priest what a body that gal had*. I just could hardly believe it. I told her to step in the tub, then I got a big bar of brown soap and I knelt down next to the tub and started soaping her up real good. I washed her back, I washed her front. I washed her legs. By this time, I was pretty near crazy.

When she stepped out of the tub all shiny and wet and smelling of soap, I just couldn't help myself. Right there on the kitchen floor, on a big towel, I plowed her. I mean to tell you it was like a soft ripe plum all warm from the sun and so full of sweet juice it split up the middle. It was a long time since I'd had a woman, and it was all over before you could say turkey buzzard.

After that, I wrapped the big towel around her and took her up to the bedroom and did it again, slow and easy.

One day we had a visit from the preacher, Reverend Sims. Tall, skinny fellow with a squint, dressed all in black, about my age. Had

Slicker 'n a Greased Pig

a wife with a face just like George Washington on the dollar bill. But he left her at home that day, thanks for small mercies. Come chugging and shaking out to the farm in his old flivver one evening when I was setting on the back porch smoking my pipe and watching the sun get red.

"Brother Taggott," he said.

"Evening, Reverend," I said.

"There is some peculiar talk going round," he said. "Seems you got yourself a little foreign gal out here on the farm."

"That's right."

"Well, Brother, I don't mean no offense, because I know you're a Godly man, but somehow it don't seem proper. I mean to say, you don't have no other women folk here to take care of the gal. Just you and your son. And your son, well, he is getting close to the age when he'll be noticing the gal. And here she is, out here all alone with you men folk on the farm with no one to protect her or tell her what's right and what's wrong."

"What do you think we should do, Reverend?"

"Well, the gal is a minor. So Mrs. Sims and I are of the opinion she belongs in the county orphanage. They'll put her to work there and teach her moral principles."

"I know that. But how am I going to explain that to her? She can't hardly talk English, and she's dumb as a goat besides."

"Faith can move mountains, Brother."

"Amen. You know, I think you better be the one to talk to her."

"Good idea."

So off he went upstairs.

He was up there about half an hour. When he come down, the gal wasn't with him.

"Ain't she going with you?" I asked.

"Brother Taggott," he said, "the ways of the Lord are wondrous."

"Amen."

"That simple, unaffected child upstairs has taught me, in her untutored way, that there is a law higher than man's law. It is God's law, and it is the law of love."

"Hallelujah."

"Now, man's law says that the child belongs in the orphanage. But can a cold institution like that offer her love? Can it give her the simple human warmth she is getting here in your home?"

"It sure can't," I said.

"Right, Brother. It can't. And so it is my decision that the child should stay here, under your guidance."

"Anything you say, Reverend."

"But I must impose a condition."

"What's that?"

"It's true that you can provide her with most of the necessities of life: a home, shelter from the storm, food for her body, and that all-important love of which I have just made reference. But the one thing you cannot provide her with, Brother Taggott, is religious counsel. So I say that I will allow the child to stay here with you, *provided* that I may come by to visit with her, in private, as her spiritual advisor. Shall we say once a week?"

"How about Friday evenings, just after supper?"

"That will be fine. That will be just fine."

But as he was walking out the door, I remembered something, and I said, "Reverend? What about Mrs. Sims?"

"You leave her to me," he said, and left.

Things went along pretty smooth after that, for a while. Me and Jug was happy. The hired gal wasn't complaining. Every Friday, spank after suppertime, the Reverend would come by and he would take her aside someplace and spiritual-advise her for about maybe twenty minutes or thereabouts. Life just seemed to slide by like water in a crick.

Then one day, Mrs. Sims drove out to the farm in that flivver. Drove right up to me where I was slopping the pigs and looked straight at me with those chips of ice she used for eyes. Now, I don't mean to say that she was ugly. That face of hers might have looked right handsome on a man, but on a woman it just didn't set right.

"Mr. Taggott," she said. Had a voice like Dewey Elgin, the bass singer in the church choir.

"Ma'am?" I asked.

"About this child my husband has been spiritual-advising."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want to see her."

"Why, surely. I'll take you in to her directly." So I hightailed it up onto the back porch and into the kitchen ahead of Mrs. Sims. But it was all right. The gal had a dress on.

Mrs. Sims, just behind me she was, looked her over from head to foot. I declare, it was like a snake watching a bird. "What's your name, child?" she asked.

The gal told her.

"You like it here on the Taggott farm?"

The gal just nodded.

Mrs. Sims drilled holes clean through her with her eyes. Then she grabbed the gal's arm. "There's meat on your bones," she said. "I don't guess they're starving you."

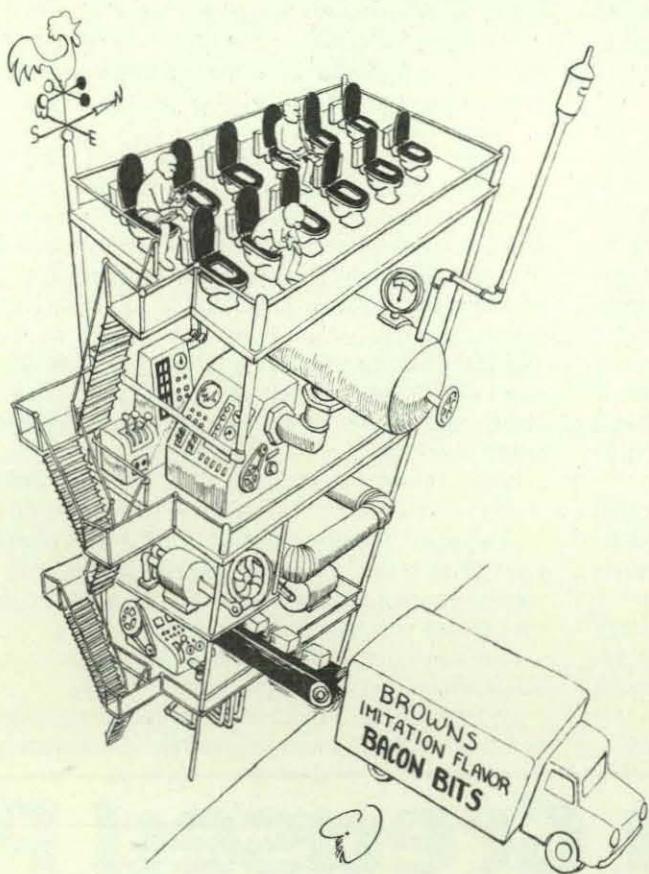
"She eats enough for two field hands," I said.

Mrs. Sims let go of the gal's arm. "I

THE PHILOSOPHER

When everything is finished, the mornings are sad.

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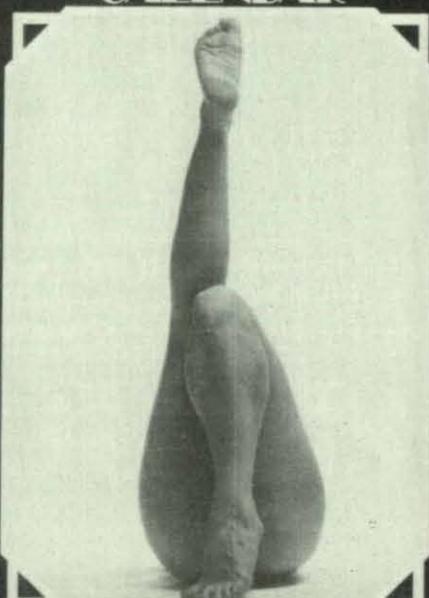


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calculate you're better off here than most anyplace else," she said.

The gal nodded again. So did I.

"Then good day to you, Mr. Taggott," said Mrs. Sims, and she turned and left, slamming the screen door. I sure breathed a lot easier when I heard the flivver start up and rattle itself down the road.

Well, the trouble started soon after. In sign language the gal tells me, after supper a few days later, that she's in the family way.

"Jesus Christ on a mountain," I said. Then I said, "Whose is it?"

She didn't catch my meaning.

"Father. Pappy. Daddy. Papa. Paw. Me? Jug? Who?"

The gal just shrugged. I was plumb upset.

I found Jug out in the barn, sound asleep in the hay. Kicked him in the sitter, and sit he did, straight up. "Paw, what the hell!" he hollered.

"The gal's got a duck in the oven," I told him.

"That's good—I'm hungry enough to eat a bear, claws and all."

"You damn fool, she's pregnant!" I said.

"Jesus Christ on a mountain," he said.

"What're we going to do?"

"You asking me? I'm just a young'un!"

"You're old enough to plow the hired gal!"

"And you're old enough to know better!"

"Get it through your head, boy. Someone is going to have to marry up with her."

"Shoot, Paw, I don't want to get married!"

"You think I do? Bad enough I had to marry your maw after she clicked with you. I ain't about to get caught a second time."

"That's just it, Paw—you're already broke to the double harness! It won't hurt you none!"

"It won't hurt you none, neither. Every man ought to get himself married up once in his life, but two times is one time too many. I already done my hitch. It's your turn now."

"Damn it, Paw, the young'un might be yours! That would make him my own half-brother!"

"And if I married up with her and the young'un was yours, it'd be my own grandchild! Either way, we got ourselves a mess on our hands."

Just then, I heard the Reverend's flivver. "What the hell day is this?" I asked.

"Friday," said Jug.

"Let's get back to the house. We got to have a talk with that preacher."

Reverend Sims wasn't too eager to talk to us—wanted to get off with the gal and start in on his spiritual-advising—until we told

him our news. Then he took his hand off the gal's shoulder like it was a red hot stove.

"I see," he said. "Well, what do you aim to do?"

"Reverend," I said, "there ain't no two ways about it. You're going to have to marry the gal."

"Me???"

"I mean, marry her to one of us, all legal and proper in the church."

"Yes," he said, like all the straw was knocked out of him. "Yes."

"But which one of us?"

"Which one? Why, the one who...who...." Then he broke off and scratched his head. "I see the problem."

We all stood around there in the kitchen for a spell, not saying anything. Then I got down a jug of corn liquor. I poured out a glass of the stuff for the Reverend, clear as water it was, and another glass for myself.

"Can't I have none, Paw?" Jug said.

"You're just a young'un," I said. The preacher and me, we lifted our glasses and threw the stuff down our necks, shuddered and waited for it to hit us. After about five seconds, it did. Like a couple of horse shoes falling on our heads. "Son of a bitch," I said. "Lordy, Lordy," said the Reverend.

After he got his wind back, he said, "The gal will have to decide."

So we asked her. But all she did was shrug and look dumb.

"Then," said the preacher, "why don't you toss a coin?"

"That don't seem right," I said. "Leaves it up to luck. Ought to be something more like a game, with some skill to it."

The preacher said, "You got a pack of cards in the house?"

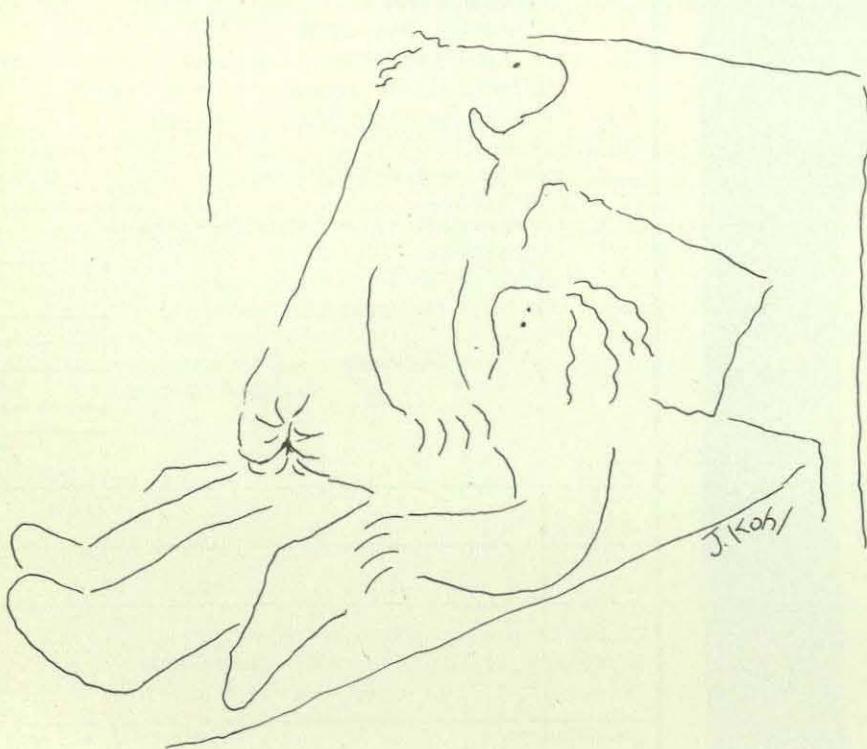
"Jug and me could play a game of greased pig for her," I said, "but we ain't got no pigs. Butchered the last one a week ago."

That's when Jug come up his big idea. "Paw?" he said. "Why don't we grease the hired gal?"

Well, we all went outside behind the barn. The sun had gone down by that time, but there was a full moon, so we could see pretty good. One thing we had plenty of was pig fat, so Jug went and got a barrel of it. We tried to tell the gal what we was doing, but I don't know if she rightly understood. She was a good gal, though, and just stood there while me and Jug took off her dress and greased her from her chin down to her foot soles. If you ain't never smeared grease all over a buck naked, strapping gal with your bare hands, then I'm here to tell you you've missed something. Pretty soon, the gal was slippery as a fresh-caught carp.

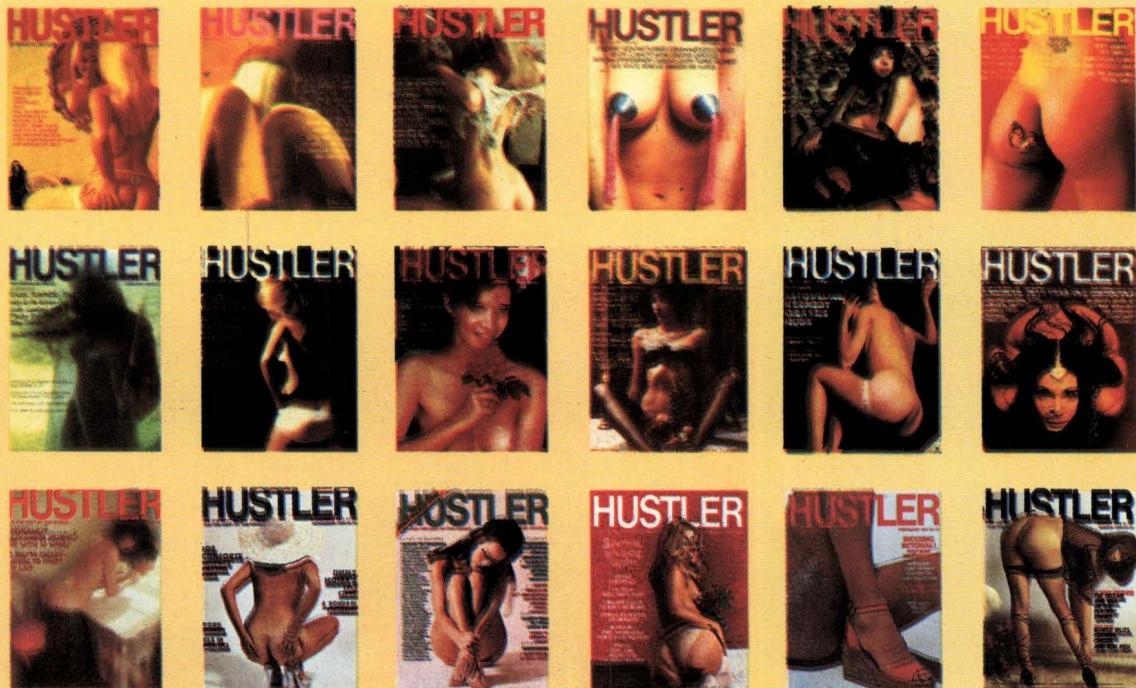
"You reckon she's just about ready, Reverend?" I said.

(continued on page 90)



"Boy! You really know how to suck that thing!!"

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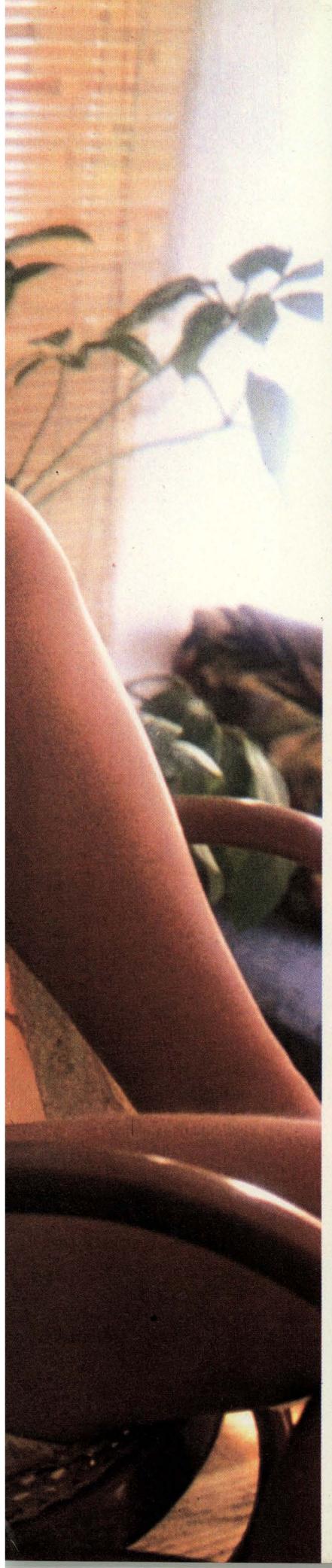
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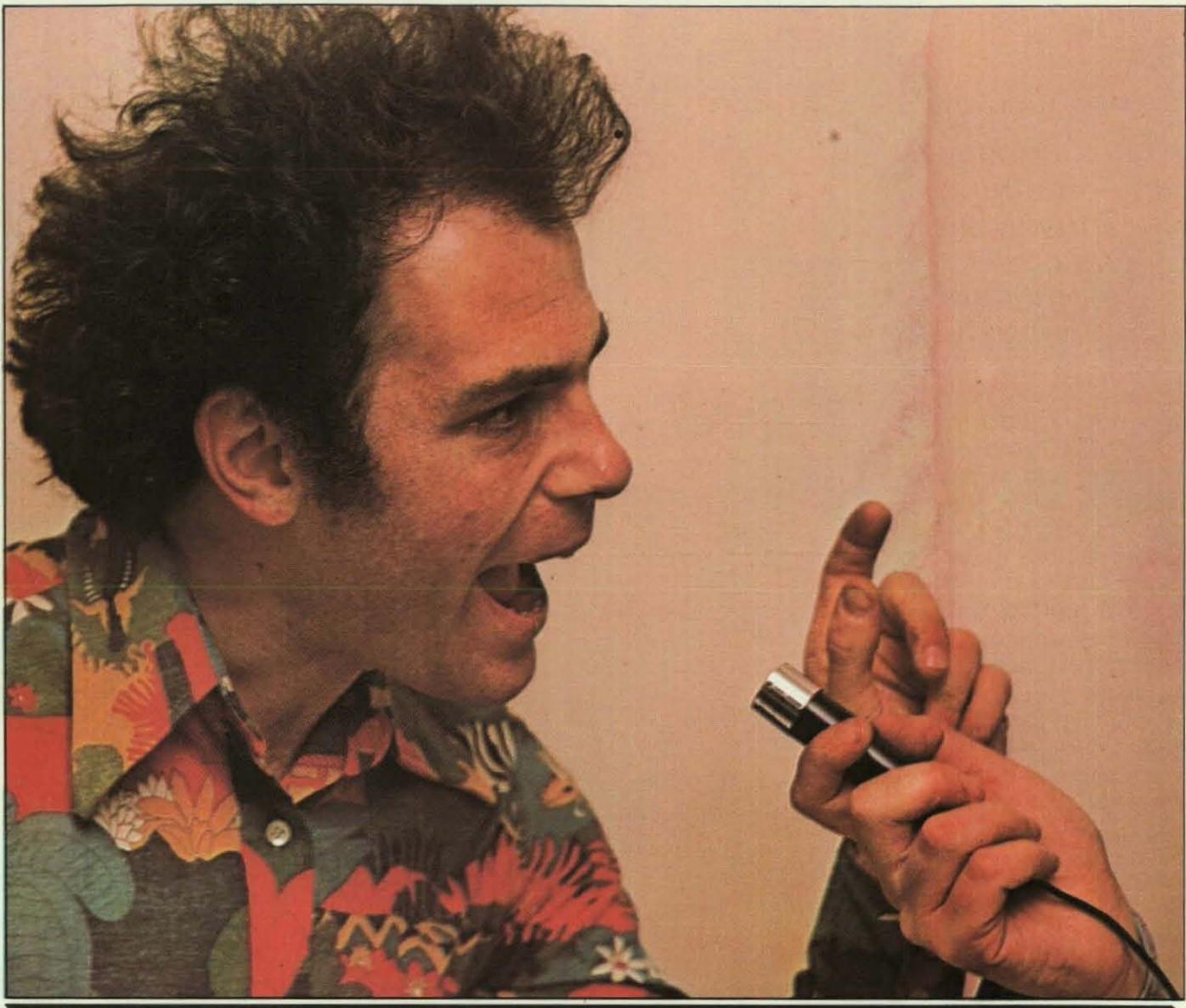


There has always been something mystically erotic about a pregnant woman.

The swollen, ripe shape of a woman with child has an almost hypnotic effect on the male libido. She symbolizes the triumph of womanly perfection: loving bountifulness, fruitful joy and the endless regeneration of life. A pregnant woman is not only firm and plump, but genuinely alive with the vibrant breath of Nature at its most awesome and mysterious of moments. She is one who has made the total commitment to tender passion. Her body is richly conceiving, and she is constantly experiencing that wondrous interlude between the act of sex and the act of birth.

But her delicate condition does not mean she must be denied the pleasures of sex. When she and her man are lying on their sides, front-to-back, making leisurely love, her ecstasy is intensified by her life-laden state. And her man feels the gratifying satisfaction that he has experienced all that is truly Woman.





HUSTLER INTERVIEW

JERRY RUBIN

REBEL WITHOUT A COCK?

If any one person could be said to embody the spirit of individual freedom which permeated the American youth culture of the late '60s, that person would have to be Jerry Rubin. As founder and leader of the Youth International Party (Yippie), Rubin shocked people by urging kids to "kill your parents" and to "make revolution for the hell of it," but his philosophy was really quite simple: Accept no socially-imposed limits on your freedom, define your own morality, and if it feels good—do it! And the kids listened to Rubin's message of liberation.

The darker side of Jerry Rubin's anarchic philosophy was exposed when he and his followers tried to apply it to politics at the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968. There, Rubin's vision of personal freedom became chaos, spilling over into a violent, destructive riot in which everybody—kids, cops, and the country—lost, and nobody won. Rubin later stood trial as one of the

"Chicago Seven" for conspiring to incite the convention riots. His outrageous courtroom pranks helped turn the trial into a clownish burlesque of justice which alternately amused and mortified the American public throughout its six-month duration.

Like other radicals who were marooned by the slow death of "The Movement" in the early '70s, Rubin has since turned his attention inward, seeking the source of liberation from within himself. His new book, *Growing (Up) At 37* (M. Evans and Company), contends that only by knowing and coming to terms with his own sexuality, as it has been shaped by himself and his society, can a man "grow up"—be strong enough to liberate himself and that society.

Curious as to what fresh insights Rubin might have in the ongoing struggle of American men to sexually liberate themselves, HUSTLER managing editor Bruce David questioned the aging rebel in New York.

HUSTLER: Among other things, you're the author of a book called *Growing (Up) at 37*. What is the book about? What does the title mean and why did you write it?

RUBIN: The book is about my own internal attempt to find myself. I wrote it because at the end of the '60s I lost my identity. I got face to face with what it meant to be 30 and with what it meant to be a man in America. The lady whom I was living with left me, and I got involved in another relationship that wasn't working. So I got involved in heavy therapy and heavy consciousness. Part of the therapy was writing, and I ended up with about a 300-page manuscript about my life and childhood. I really saw how everything that was troubling me in my current life had roots in my childhood, so I decided to publish it. This *Growing (Up) at 37* is my internal turmoil and resolution.

HUSTLER: So essentially what you're saying is Jerry Rubin at the end of the '60s went to a psychoanalyst.

RUBIN: Yes, but it's self-therapy, not psychoanalysis. It's not like going in and lying on a couch and having somebody be your father. I did many different kinds of therapy. I went to a bio-energetic therapist, and in bio-energetic therapy you go into a room, take off your clothes, and you're naked. The therapist looks at your body, analyzes where your energy is blocked and puts you through various exercises to free your energy.

HUSTLER: Let's backtrack a little bit because you are an historical figure. In retrospect, since you were one of the primary movers of the '60s, what was it that happened in the '60s? What was all that energy about?

RUBIN: It was our attempt to assert ourselves. By "our," I mean people who felt imperiled. Young people. People who didn't want to be drafted into the war in Vietnam.

HUSTLER: What happened to all of that energy?

RUBIN: What happened to it? Many of the battles of the '60s were won; we were proved right about the war in Vietnam. We were proved right about Richard Nixon. The scoundrels who tried to put us in jail ended up in jail, like Nixon's cronies. And when you get right down to it, it turned out that in the '60s the people who were considered by society to be criminals were really right in what they said about society. And what happened to it is that the dream fell apart. In part, because it succeeded, and also, in part, because we were premature.

HUSTLER: But a lot of your ex-cronies, a lot of your friends and fellow radicals in the movement are now estranged, either from the movement, or from you, or from God knows what. What happened to Rennie

Davis? Is he a C.I.A. agent?

RUBIN: I'm disappointed in Rennie. I love him as a person. I don't think he's a C.I.A. agent. I don't know how he could possibly go to India and come back and say he found God. I went to India, and I found people in the streets dying of starvation. I don't think God is in India; I think India is hell, and I think it's sad that Rennie came back and said he found God. That totally mystifies me, how somebody who was so clear in the '60s could get so unclear in the '70s as to follow an Indian guru. So you know the thing between Rennie and I is broken apart, although our personal friendship remains the same.

HUSTLER: I've always wondered whether the radical leaders of the '60s had groupies in the same way that rock groups do?

RUBIN: That's a good question. No, we didn't. The movement was not as sexual as the rock culture.

HUSTLER: Would you have gotten laid as often as you did if you hadn't been one of the prime movers of the movement?

RUBIN: It made me more tense, because I never knew whether somebody was going to bed with me because I was Jerry Rubin or



David queries Rubin: "Is machismo dead?"

because of my inner qualities, so my response was to be especially anxious about it and back away. But there was a great sensitivity on the part of movement people not to have groupies. Women were second-class citizens in the movement, but not really groupies. I actually sublimated sex during the '60s. I took my sexual energy and put it into political energy.

HUSTLER: Who is Jerry Rubin? What's your background?

RUBIN: My father was a truck driver and a teamster and a fighter for working people. I learned as a kid in my home how people who drive trucks for a living struggle. My father would always complain that the people who owned the bread companies took all the money home and the workers had to work six days a week for bread crumbs. So I got that kind of people's education.

HUSTLER: Was your father disappointed or upset with you because of your involve-

ment in the movement?

RUBIN: My father died when I was 21, and at that moment, I was very straight and very liberal and very middle class and very ambitious. There was no real indication that I was going to become a nationally-known radical. I was a bad boy in my own home, so many of the things I learned from combating my parents I ended up perfecting and using nationally against the corrupt leaders of society to end the war in Vietnam.

HUSTLER: OK, this brings us to your book. I think you characterize your book as being about the feminization of modern man. If that's not correct, what is the book about?

RUBIN: Well, it's about my coming to terms with what it means to be a man in America, and the pressures of being a man—the neurotic pressures, the competitive pressures. My father died at 49 of a heart attack, and I think he died because he was trying to fulfill what he thought being a man was—taking responsibility for the family and for the woman and beating out other men and winning the competitive battle. I felt that in the '60s many of the radical leaders duplicated that conditioning in their own lives, and we became competitive, dominated by our egos, and created the same pressures inside us that we were opposing in society. So in the '70s I asked myself, what does it mean to be a man? Does a man always have to compete, or can a man be cooperative? Can a man show feelings and cry? Can a man be sensitive? Can a man be vulnerable? I think women, in challenging their own oppression by men, have enabled men to look at themselves anew and free themselves. When I say feminization of men, I'm saying that a human being is both male and female, and we all have feminine qualities—softness, vulnerability—and as a man, I want the freedom to be vulnerable, the freedom to let go.

HUSTLER: OK, you're talking about a number of things, but we've touched on the women's movement. How do you respond to the suggestion that the women's movement is castrating? And anti-male?

RUBIN: I think the women's movement went through a period when it blamed men, and those of us, including myself, who got blamed because we were well-known really went through a lot of pain and suffering because of that. I know I did. Just by being Jerry Rubin, I was considered to be a male chauvinist. It was a very difficult period. But I think the situation now is that the women's movement is developing a more sensitive approach. They realized that men and women are both victims, and together we can change the male and female images that upset both of us. I don't think a man can

be castrated—I think a man castrates himself.

HUSTLER: Don't you think women still really want strong men?

RUBIN: Well, there are women who are male chauvinists and want their men to be strong and powerful, and when the man is not strong and powerful they feel that he's worthless and that they have power over him. But I think there are also women who believe in equality—equality between men and women—and I think that we're all groping for an equal relationship. They don't really exist yet, but we're all struggling to create them. But I feel oppressed by always having to be dominant and strong. In bed, I like to receive as well as to give. I like to lay back and let the woman take over. There are times when I'm in bed with a woman who is very strong and takes over that I get very threatened, and I feel like my masculinity is in jeopardy. But really, it's my own image of my masculinity that's in jeopardy, not my masculinity itself. We're in bed to pleasure each other, and we should just take turns having fun.

HUSTLER: Are you involved with a woman? Have you been involved in a long-term relationship?

RUBIN: I've had two relationships in my life. In the first relationship, I was the dominant man and the lady I was with was soft and supportive. In the second relationship, I played the traditional female role, in that I was totally dependent on the woman, in this case for attention and acknowledgment that I existed. When she didn't recognize my existence, I felt crushed and I was always jealous. I wanted more from her than she wanted from me. So in both relationships there were two extremes, and I haven't yet worked out an equal relationship with a woman. But that doesn't mean that that's not what I am looking and hoping for. I think it's possible, but we've had thousands of years of twisted conditioning and twisted sex roles and perversion of human emotion. We're one of the first generations to try to really look at our lives and create something that's meaningful—something that makes sense.

HUSTLER: Don't you think you're taking a terrible chance in pursuing something that is very unreal?

RUBIN: I'm willing to accept the fact that I may not have that relationship, but my acceptance also gives me the opportunity to actually have it. I was, years ago, desperate, looking for a woman. If I didn't have a woman I was unhappy. If I went to a movie alone I was miserable. If I had to eat a meal in a restaurant alone I was miserable. If I took a walk through the park without a

theory that the whole '60s movement was based on hatred of the mother and an attempt to sever the umbilical cord?

RUBIN: Well, I just want to broaden this a little bit to include hatred of the father, too, because mother and father, I think, have pretty much of an equal effect on us.

HUSTLER: But now we've seen that the Weathermen blow up toilets in Washington. So I wonder if we're not talking about toilet training and a desire to break free of the parental umbilical cord. Was that what the '60s was about?

RUBIN: First of all, the Weathermen—the Weather people—blew up bathrooms in the Pentagon and in the Capitol, so the statement is really against the Pentagon and the Capitol, not against bathrooms.

HUSTLER: Against the bathrooms in the Pentagon and the Capitol.

RUBIN: That's the easiest place to get away with it. From high school I know that bathrooms are the safest places. You can be free, smoke dope, do what you want to do, so it's a place where they could get in to put the bomb to make a political statement. I think the '60s were a rebellion against our parents, but we were also opposed to our parents' hypocrisy. I think what the '70s have brought is a realization that our parents are not the enemy, that the enemy is a system of conditioning in which both parents and children are victims of perverted roles and perverted expectations.

HUSTLER: You once said, "You should kill your parents," didn't you?

RUBIN: Yes, I said it once, and then the media took it over and I was credited with saying that all parents should be killed. It's quite an unpopular thing to say, and what I really was saying was kill the parents *in you*. I said it for a number of reasons, mainly to get people's attention, because this country uses words so promiscuously that words lose their meaning. When I was speaking on college campuses and I would say I was opposed to the war in Vietnam, people would yawn, and then I'd say, "Well, blow up the ROTC building," and people would yawn, and then finally I said, "Kill your parents," and they suddenly listened. They said, "What does he mean, 'Kill your parents'?" What does he mean? Finally I got people's attention, but really what I was saying is that unless you free yourself from your parents, you really can't be free.

HUSTLER: It sounds to me like you're very dominated by your parents, their memory, expectations....

RUBIN: That's not what I mean. I'm saying, for example, that I'm a very anxious person. When I come to a situation, my natural response is anxiety. Now where did I learn that anxiety? My mother was a very anxious

I would hide my cock—hide it from other men in locker rooms and from women in bed.

woman at my side I was miserable. Now, I'm happy by myself.

HUSTLER: Is there anything inherently wrong with that desire to be with someone, and in a way are you not coping out by learning to adjust to your aloneness? To put it another way, aren't you saying that if you can't have what you want, you'll have to learn to like something else?

RUBIN: Well, if you don't love yourself, you can't love anyone else. And I've found that when I was looking for someone else to give me happiness, it was because I really didn't love myself. I would take a newspaper with me to read while eating because I was scared of aloneness, and when I'm scared of aloneness I find that there's something wrong with me, that I really hated myself. I was looking for a mommy out there to pat me on the head and say, "That's OK, Jerry, you'll be all right." I was looking for a mother to protect me and to shelter my dependency. We have to free ourselves from dependency on mother. The mother who teaches her child to be dependent on women is creating an incomplete person. I want to be free myself from that. Not by finding another woman who would replace my mother, but by loving the female part of me so that I can be totally female and totally male and a total human being.

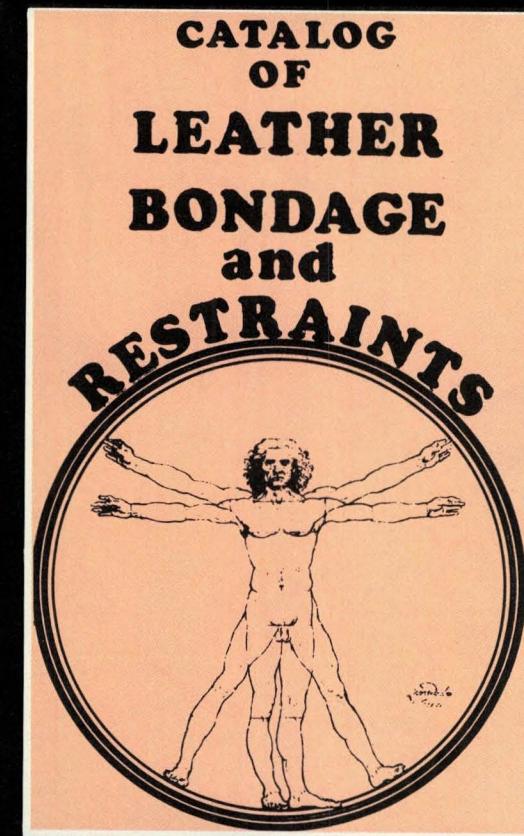
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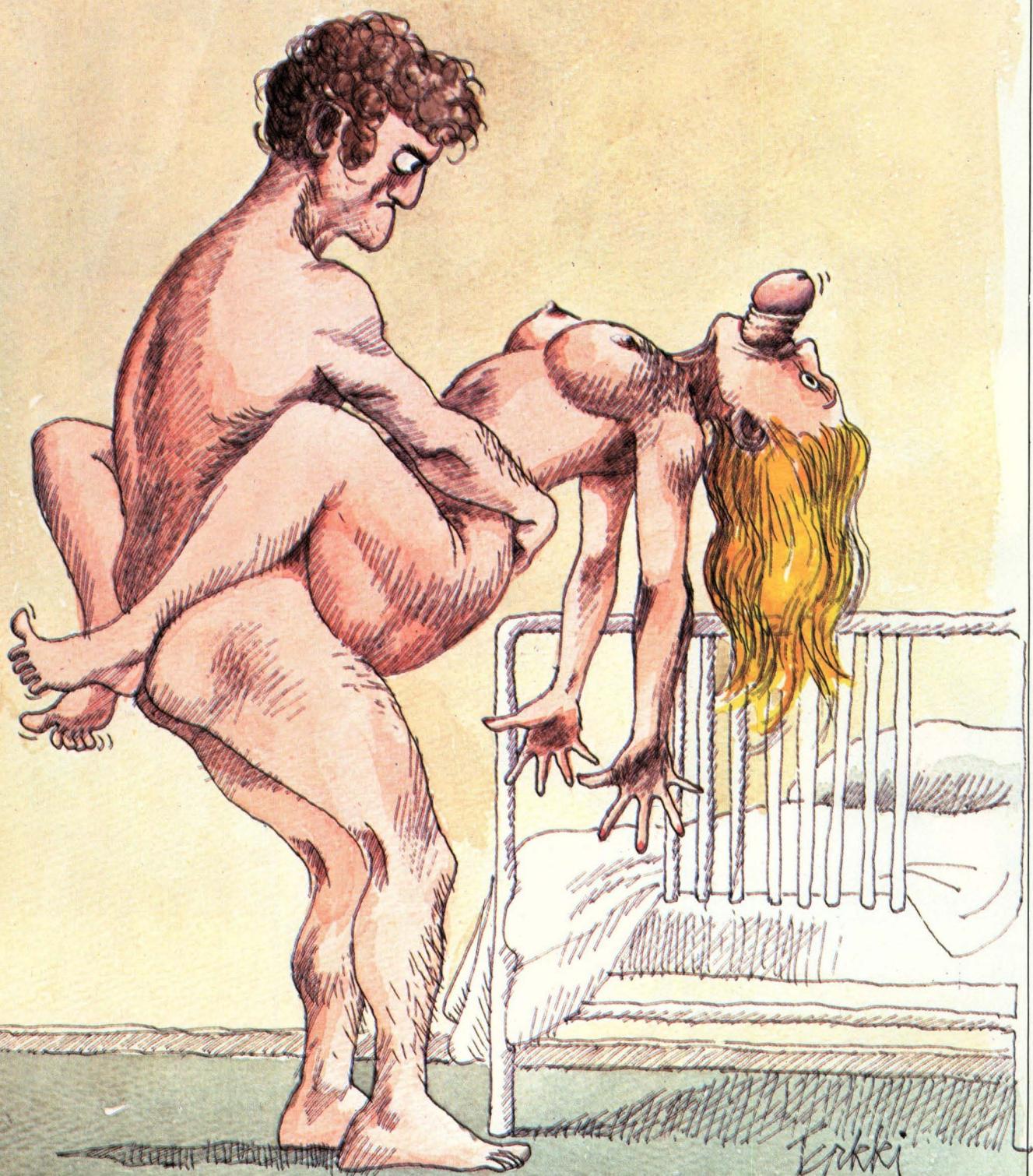
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person. So when I was a little baby, I looked at my mother and I saw that she responded to every situation with anxiety. And so I learned anxiety from her. I'm also a very fast person. I eat fast, I move fast, I do things fast. Where did I learn that? From my father. **HUSTLER:** Your book is incredibly candid and incredibly honest. Anybody who knew Jerry Rubin in the '60s would be proud of Jerry Rubin in the '70s for his honesty. But we're presented with a picture of a man at 37 who brings to his time in life a great number of neuroses and hang-ups. Specifically, I'm referring to the chapter called "Sex." What motivated you to expose your inner feelings to the rest of the world?

RUBIN: Men are afraid to talk to each other about sex, because of the whole image of being masculine. Therefore, we're deprived of each other's experiences because we create images to protect ourselves from each other. For example, I write in my book about how I feel toward my cock. I've always had what I considered to be a very small cock. I've always been ashamed of my cock. I would hide my cock—hide it from other men in locker rooms, hide it from other men in bathrooms, and from women in bed. For a long period of time I actually even tried to hide my cock from the woman I was making love with, so she wouldn't know exactly how big or how small it was. I didn't want to be compared with other men. It's part of the whole male neurosis; I was afraid of being compared and being found too small or wanting.

HUSTLER: Why do men feel that way? Why are men so self-conscious about their cock size, and why are they so overly concerned?

RUBIN: Because we're afraid of being weak, we're afraid of not being strong and tough. We learn as children that to be a man is to be great in athletics and to be powerful and to have no weaknesses and no fears and to be absolutely perfect. Youth is romanced in this country, but we age, so when we get old and our bodies start falling apart, we try to hide the fact that we're getting old, and we're supposed to hate ourselves. So men are really oppressed and screwed up by all the expectations of what it means to be a man.

A small cock is as good as a big cock. You know it's a cock, there's no comparison. When I'm in bed with somebody, what happens is what happens, and whether it's not as good as yesterday or better than tomorrow has no effect on the moment. All we really have is the moment, and when I could really understand that all life is contained in every single second, and comparisons are bullshit and meaningless and don't make any sense—then at that

moment I began to accept myself, including accepting my small cock. My ability to talk about my small cock in a magazine eliminates the anxiety about the small cock. It's like getting into bed with a woman and saying, "Look, my cock's small; how's that?" It's small, no big deal.

HUSTLER: OK, if that's true, why is it that you won't pose nude for *HUSTLER*? If you're so free and uninhibited, what prevents you from doing that?

RUBIN: I just felt it wasn't appropriate, or maybe I want to hold out for the next issue of *HUSTLER*.

HUSTLER: No, I think that's a cop-out answer. I don't think you're being honest and up-front, and I think that it becomes you, considering the nature of your book and the degree of honesty that you've put into it.

RUBIN: Well, it's an intuitive feeling. I mean, there's no reason to pose nude. I'll say these things and people can read them and see how it applies to them in their lives.

HUSTLER: Exactly how small is your cock? What's it measure?

RUBIN: I never measured it. But you know there is a difference...

HUSTLER: Wait a minute—I don't believe that, either, especially if you're preoccupied about cock size.

RUBIN: Oh, yes, but I didn't measure with a ruler. I went to a sex therapist and asked what she thought of the size of my cock, and she said it was in the middle range on the low side.

HUSTLER: So it is a small cock?

RUBIN: Well, actually it's bigger than I thought because that means, as an average, it's a small average. But the fact is, it's not so tiny you can hardly see it, and that's OK.

Masters and Johnson say—and it's a shame that we have to turn to them because of the fact that men don't talk to each other honestly enough about it to really know what the truth is—they say that the cock grows proportionally. So therefore, if your cock is small, when the blood fills in and you have an erection, it's comparatively larger than a large, limp cock would be when it has blood filling it to become an



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erection. But I don't want to fall into the "bigger is better" or "I wish my cock were bigger" syndrome, because I think that's the whole thing that has victimized me.

HUSTLER: That's the next obvious question. How true is the old saw that it doesn't make any difference?

RUBIN: I'm not interested in performance; performance is sport, but sex is not a sport. Sex is feeling, so let's get away from the whole idea that it puts us all on stage and we're all judging one another. If you judge somebody, then you can't experience that person; you're too busy judging them in your head to experience your body. If I'm in bed with somebody and I'm thinking how he is performing, or how she is performing, then I'm in my head and not in my body, and not even enjoying it.

HUSTLER: But would you say cock size is secondary, and that the more you can respond to the person, the more your cock is going to respond?

RUBIN: Absolutely. I know that when I go to bed with a woman and I'm putting all my attention on my cock, there are times when the cock doesn't respond at all. It stays in neutral. Flat tire. There's nothing, because I want so much to reach an orgasm in my cock. On the other hand, when I go to bed with a woman and don't have my mind on my cock, but have my mind on the feeling circling through all of my body, then the cock becomes part of the body and the entire energy inspires the cock and the cock inspires the entire body. Then there's no trouble getting an erection.

HUSTLER: But don't you think that, in fact, the '70s is a very hedonistic era where this type of value and this type of perception doesn't count—where, in fact, people are more gymnastic and relate more to sex as a sport?

RUBIN: The '70s is a lot of things—I think the '70s is also very puritan. I think people are putting out the image that they get more sex, but I mean people are actually going to bed less.

HUSTLER: How does the prevalence of group sex, orgies, swinging and swapping, and what have you, match up with what you are saying about feelings and emotions, etc.? Do you think, for example, that orgies and group sex are dehumanizing and de-emphasize personal feeling and emphasize instead the gymnastics of sex?

RUBIN: I've never been to an orgy—I don't know. If I made any comment about an orgy, I would be totally theorizing. Considering how uptight I've been about my cock size, it wouldn't have been natural for me to gravitate toward orgies. I went for years hating my cock because I didn't like the fact that it was small; therefore, I was making my

cock ineffective despite its size because of my feeling about it. That's because of this whole emphasis on size, which is an impressive part of the whole culture of America.

HUSTLER: What about impotence? Do you think that hatred of your cock caused insecurity? Obviously, it must have affected your ability to get it up in bed?

RUBIN: Right. If you see your cock as something that doesn't give you pleasure, then your cock is not going to respond to pleasure, so it really starts with the mind and how you feel towards your cock. I mean, the cock often double-crosses me. But I forget about it, and then the cock gets hard.

HUSTLER: Isn't that usually when you want to impress a girl the most? When a girl is really attractive, really turns you on, that's when impotence becomes the biggest threat.

RUBIN: Yes, the more importance that you put on getting it up, the harder it is to get it up. The less important you make it, the easier it is. A society that eliminated performance and bigness would have no impotence. Because when you got it up, you got it up, and when you didn't get it up, you didn't get it up, and it really made no difference, because sex is everything—it's not just genitals, it's everything.

HUSTLER: We're seeing in this society a growing number of homosexuals coming out and expressing themselves. What do you think of the growing tendency, the growing chic nature, of homosexuality?

RUBIN: I think a human being is basically bisexual, and I think it's OK if you can get pleasure from a man if you're a man and get pleasure from a woman if you're a woman. I think it's restrictive to choose. I don't prefer homosexual or heterosexual, and I do oppose the fadishness attached to homosexuality. These days if you're heterosexual you're on the defensive. You have to feel guilty. But that's a reaction to what heterosexuals have been doing to homosexuals for centuries. So let's take away the whole myth around sexuality that makes homosexuality something so great or something so terrible, and just realize that it just is.

HUSTLER: The welfare society controls every aspect of our lives, tells us how much money to put into the box, when to go, when to stop, tells us it's a 9 to 5 world. The male is

no longer the animal that existed in prehistoric times or maybe even 30 years ago. Do you feel that this sort of regimentation fosters increased incidents of homosexuality?

RUBIN: It's good to free ourselves from those male qualities. Those male qualities ended up in heart attacks and ended up in wars and ended up in people really being miserable. Those male qualities of always having to be aggressive and competitive and dominant. I think that is breaking down, and I think it's good that it is breaking down. I don't think homosexuality is a negative result. Homosexuality is the ability of men to get pleasure from each other and be satisfied from each other. I think that's a positive thing.

HUSTLER: Would you characterize yourself as a bisexual?

RUBIN: In theory, yes. In practice, at the moment, no.

HUSTLER: Meaning that you've never engaged in a homosexual act?

RUBIN: Yes.

HUSTLER: You've written a book advocating the feminization of man. Doesn't that mean you are encouraging homosexuality?

RUBIN: Feminization of man does not mean homosexuality.

HUSTLER: But you have said that theoretically the ultimate conclusion of your theory is that it culminates in a homosexual act or bisexuality.

RUBIN: No, it would result in a bisexual attitude, but not necessarily in bisexual activity. I've been conditioned to hate homosexuality. And that conditioning is deep, deep inside me. And even though in theory I know that conditioning is negative, in practice it's very hard to get beyond it. I'm fighting that conditioning. I'm sexually uptight, and that sexual prejudice came from the society that I live in, from what happened to me as a child, and I'm fighting that uptightness. But I know that there really is no reason why I can't get sexual pleasure from a man, too, although I do prefer women.

HUSTLER: If you have the attitude, wouldn't you commit the act? Are you sure this isn't just a publicity statement and you have, in fact, engaged in homosexual acts?

RUBIN: Yes, I'm sure. My fear prevents me from homosexual experimentation.

HUSTLER: What makes you so sure that homosexuality isn't a sickness? Don't you think it's sick for men to want to be women?

RUBIN: Our fears of homosexuality are irrational. I mean the idea of making out with a man on a certain level horrifies me. It horrifies me because of primal memories I had as a child about how bad it is.

THE PHILOSOPHER

He who does not fill his world with phantoms remains alone.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"...and with my best friend, Eunice?"

HUSTLER: What makes you think those memories aren't based on fact, and that there isn't good reason to be horrified?

RUBIN: Well, there's no fact or good reason. I mean, a lot of men get pleasure from other men; that's just as reasonable as not getting pleasure. I mean, my view of sex is not genital based and not conformity oriented, but is that sex is an exchange of feelings between human beings. When two people look at each other, that's a sexual relationship, so therefore, by that definition, I've had many homosexual relationships, because I've expressed a lot to other men. It was just expressed on another level than making it in bed. It's not the most important level, it's just another level. We put too much emphasis on the sexual act.

HUSTLER: Could prehistoric man have survived if he were effeminate in any significant way? Wasn't his aggression essential to his survival over three million years ago?

RUBIN: An aspect of aggression is necessary regardless of what we are, but the aspect of aggression called domination has turned the world into armed camps. I think that we have to fear ourselves and stop aggressing upon one another.

HUSTLER: It sounds as though what you're really saying is that since we have no power, let's just enjoy being powerless. Isn't that a rationalization, because we're not really doing what we want to do?

RUBIN: I don't think I can make it any clearer than that. I don't want to get involved in a masculine, crazy, aggressive struggle with police and government leaders. I want to change them psychologically. I don't want to become just like them. I don't want to become the American masculine character who needs to dominate. I think in the '60s we were becoming just like the people we were opposing because we were forced to adopt the same tactics, but I really want to promote a new model of what it means to be a human being, and that isn't domination and control. Strength doesn't come from domination; strength comes from self-love and from acceptance of another person's soul. It doesn't come from dominating the other person.

HUSTLER: Here's a question that should tax your ability to be honest and candid. What kind of masturbatory fantasies do you have?

RUBIN: They are about women I see once. It's strange, it's kind of a perversion. I fantasize about women I have no desire to go to bed with, women who are especially heavy or whom I wouldn't be attracted to. The whole thing about not going to bed with them makes them exciting on a masturbatory level.

HUSTLER: Is there something about making it with a less-attractive woman that's fulfilling because it's self-debasing? Or is it the concept of flawed beauty? What is it that's the turn-on in that fantasy?

RUBIN: It's kind of like making love with someone you wouldn't want to make love with...like doing the forbidden, in a way. So much of sex is associated with doing the forbidden that you never know where the pleasure is, whether the pleasure is in the act itself or in the pleasures of getting away with something, doing the forbidden.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't a psychologist say that identifying a masturbatory fantasy about someone that you are not attracted to is a defense against your own guilt? That, in fact, it's an extension of "Well, I'm not enjoying it, so it's okay"?

RUBIN: Well, in a way. See, I was taught that sex was bad, so naturally I have a lot of guilt connected with sex, and it's very hard for me to accept sexual pleasure. It's much easier for me to accept sexual frustration because that was my education. When I do feel pleasure in sex I feel guilty—it's a little voice inside me that says, "You shouldn't enjoy this." Then the voice says, "Okay, you're going to masturbate. Masturbate quick and get it over with. You shouldn't enjoy masturbation. Masturbation is bad. Your mother might come in and catch you masturbating and cut off your hand and cut off your cock." I mean, that's the fear that I had on masturbating, so you masturbate in six seconds.

HUSTLER: That's another thing in your book, premature ejaculation....

RUBIN: It's been a big trauma for me, and once more it's something that men should talk about honestly with one another. What exactly is premature ejaculation? Sometimes I'm with a woman and feel like coming, and when I do come I feel guilty because I came before the woman came. Therefore, I got the pleasure and she didn't, so that creates a lot of pressure on me to withhold my orgasm, and then when I put a lot of pressure upon my orgasm the result often is that my cock doesn't respond at all. So, fear of premature ejaculation leads to impotence.

HUSTLER: What about oral sex? Isn't that the great escape, since we know that if we come too soon we can still go down on a chick and get her off?

RUBIN: Yeah, but that doesn't excuse me

from feeling bad because I came "too quickly." I put it in quotes because nobody can say what "too quickly" is. But, you know, what I've learned is that when I climax, sexual pleasure ends. So, if I'm able to hold my erection as long as possible, the most enjoyable part of sex then is that period of time when the sex energy is rippling through me, exciting my whole body. My cock is ready and excited, about to burst forth, but it just doesn't do it. I'm just on the edge of coming but never quite coming.

HUSTLER: But in that case, don't you think the expedient thing to do would be to go down on the chick first and get her off, and then come?

RUBIN: That's quite mechanical. I think the best sex probably is when the partners take turns pleasuring each other. I know I get a tremendous amount of enjoyment from going down on a woman and experiencing her orgasm, knowing that I become part of it.

HUSTLER: So you believe in the slow buildup....

RUBIN: Yes. I get the most pleasure when I can maintain the sexual energy of an erection, or at least just forget about my cock and just enjoy a person's body. The whole body, not just the genitals. But actually I have my strongest orgasms in masturbation. Being alone, masturbating myself.

HUSTLER: Doesn't that say something about your estrangement from your sexuality?

RUBIN: Yes, it says something about my inability to develop a totally sharing sexual relationship with women. But sexual pleasure is sexual pleasure. You get it where you get it, and if I get it alone in bed, that's OK, too. I shouldn't put myself down because I'm getting sexual pleasure from masturbation. I really enjoy my orgasms in masturbation because they're just totally unimpeded.

HUSTLER: Did you ever masturbate in front of a chick? Does that get you off?

RUBIN: I've never done that, but I'm looking for a woman I would not feel self-conscious in front of. That's the kind of woman I want, that's my number one expectation in women. A woman with whom I would not feel self-conscious, no matter what happens.

HUSTLER: Would you be intimidated or threatened by masturbating in front of a woman?

RUBIN: No, I think it sounds like a real turn-on for the two partners to masturbate in front of each other.

HUSTLER: But how does this reconcile with your previous statement that you're

(continued on page 104)

THE PHILOSOPHER

Man is air in the air and in order to become a point in the air he has to fall.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

HUSTLER's X-rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore. (Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)

RATING GUIDE

ERECION!



If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT



Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Might get it up if you use a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP



Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

by Tim Beckley

PUSSY TALK

If you decided long ago that your "old lady" is a chatterbox, wait until you've been introduced to Joan, the lovely damsel with the talking pussy.

A remarkable—yes, next to impossible—feat has been accomplished with the release of this X-rated adventure. The eyeball-popping theatergoer is treated to an effective com-

APRIL

X RATED REVIEWS

bination of humor and tantalizing eroticism, all wrapped in a well-presented package.

Pussy Talk, imported from France, is a lethal parody of the early classic, *Deep Throat*. As all loyal fans of the sexual cinema will instantly recall, Linda Lovelace had a most peculiar problem: her clitoris was located in the recesses of her throat. In *Pussy Talk*, the leading lady finds that her vagina has an intelligence of its own and is capable of speaking! To say the least, Joan's jabbering cunt gets her into all sorts of impossibly horny situations.

Married to the same man for five years, Joan has been monogamous, remaining "true blue" to her husband, Eric. The excitement starts when Joan's twanging twat decides it's time for a change from the old routine. "Stop laying on your fat ass, cunt. I want to go out. We

don't have to wait around for that fart." Possessed, Joan slips into a loose-fitting dress—"Leave the bottom open, it's suffocating in here!"—and proceeds to parade her ass on the street.

Her first stop is at an adult movie house. The usually demure girl takes a seat between two hungry studs, who soon take advantage of the darkened theater by running their hands up into the creamy folds of Joan's crotch. Joan is on the verge of exploding as they escort her downstairs into the men's room for a hefty screw. They bang her mercilessly; her cunt oozes thick, milky jism. The purring pussy is content—for the moment, anyway.

Returning home from work and not finding his charming wife, Eric begins to worry. Soon, the front door opens and in walks Joan. "Where have

you been?" Eric wants to know.

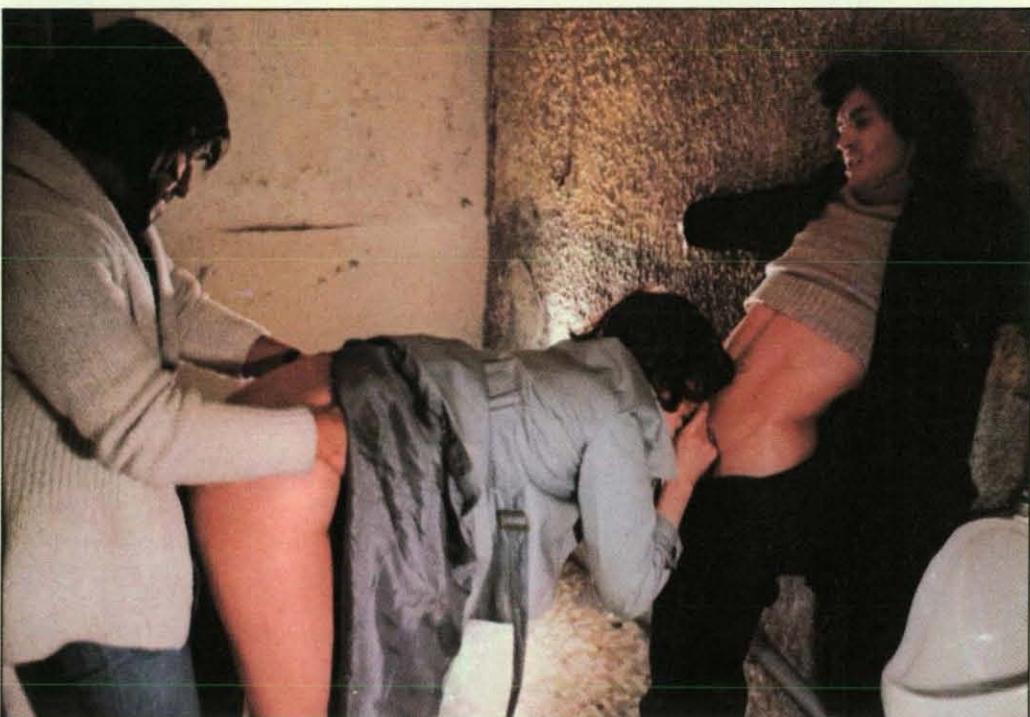
"Out getting some fresh air," comes the response.

At this point, Joan's "brainy bush" makes its existence known to the world. "That's a lot of crap, sweetheart. We were in the john of a porno theater. One guy had a real big cock. He took me in the snatch, the ass, and mouth. You should have been there—you might have learned something!"

Eventually, word of this "miracle" leaks out to the press, and reporters are anxious to get an exclusive interview with the world's first verbalizing vaginal orifice.

All manner of hilarity follows, as a ragged-assed reporter chases the couple from pillar to post. In the best segment, Joan is knocked out from exhaustion. During this period, her pussy tells Eric about his wife's sordid past. In a series of flashbacks, we see how she blew a boy at age 14, lost her virginity to a big-nosed Pinocchio doll, seduced a teacher, and sat on the brick-hard cock of a priest while confessing her sins.

Pussy Talk is a lighthearted romp, a lark, and a real "turn-on." This movie is likely to split your sides as well as your pants.



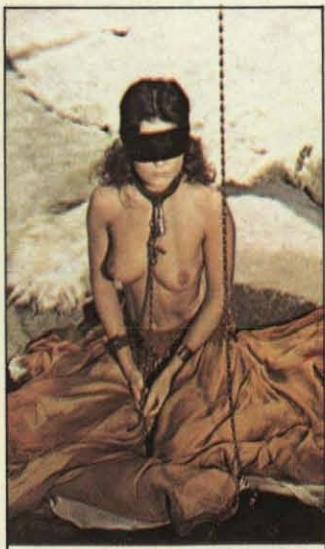
Three engrossing characters try a new way of playing "telephone" in an exciting scene from *Pussy Talk*.



Straightening out student/teacher relationships in Pussy Talk, the torrid tale of an overly-talkative twat.

THE STORY OF O

Have you ever fantasized about being shackled spread-eagle to the four corner posts of a big brass bed? Have you caught yourself daydreaming about what it might be like to be whipped, flogged, urinated upon, or otherwise humiliated by a gorgeous tart dressed in black leather and wearing spiked high-heel shoes? If you can answer "yes" to either of



Passive bondage in Story of O.

these questions, you are a prime candidate for the kinkier side of sex known as sadomasochism—or, more simply, S & M.

Frowned upon by a large segment of society, the unrelenting desire to be physically or mentally abused and, in turn, the willingness to torture, seem to be suffering sizable growing pains. Often referred to as "the final taboo," S & M has recently come under close scrutiny. It looks as if society may ultimately realize that when it comes to being stimulated, individual tastes vary greatly. What "turns you off" may "turn me on." Or, as the saying goes, "Don't knock it if you haven't tried it!"

When it was initially published in France, Pauline Reage's tantalizing novel, about a submissive mistress who surrenders "body and soul" to her demanding master, stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy. In its unadulterated form, *The Story of O* is a dramatic, engrossing, highly erotic pornographic masterpiece.

Inside a lavish gothic-looking castle known as the Chateau de Roissy (complete with hidden staircases and

underground dungeons), dozens of "tamed" females give themselves without any question to the male members of a secret order. They are beaten; some are even branded with their "owner's" initials. All are broken down and "forced," with their prior consent, to submit to all sorts of perverse acts. To this day, *The Story of O* is virtually unequaled in the world of literary greatness—it is a work of true genius.

Unfortunately, despite the various avenues of approach open to the producers, the movie version of *O* does not live up to its historic reputation. Director Just Jaeckin, who brought *Emmanuelle* to the screen, fails to transpose the written word onto celluloid. Notwithstanding valiant attempts by Corinne Clery (the European model cast in the role of *O*), Anthony Steel, and Udo Kier (the star of Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein*), to bring *O* through troubled times, the film lacks continuity. Little can be done to compensate for inadequate editing, mediocre cinematography, and the burden of an inept script. Perhaps the most unforgivable sin is that, although the novel is

pornographic, there is absolutely *nothing* in the finished footage that lends itself to titillation. All the punch has been deleted—the blows fail to materialize. The few sex scenes are totally simulated. Although advertised as an X-rated film, the action is soft to the bone.

HUSTLER was told there would be absolutely no press passes for reviewers, and it is obvious why. The most painful thing about *O* is the money that people are apparently laying out to see it. Readers would be well advised to forget this film was ever made. Instead, dust off the book version that is, no doubt, tucked away on a back shelf in your erotic library at home.

THE STORY OF JOANNA

Unlike *The Story of O*, which produced a decisively "limp dick" on HUSTLER's erection scale, Gerard Damiano's latest effort comes up several inches higher than the competition.

Basically, Damiano has exploited Pauline Reage's classic, taking the crux of her writing and tightening a rather complex plot. In the long run, the congenial creator of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil and Miss Jones* will probably fare much better at the box office than his competitor will. Timed perfectly to coincide with the release of *O*, this film will draw patrons who are anxious to see explicit fucking instead of lukewarm simulation. While in *O* we are never permitted to view a stiff cock or an open vagina, Damiano has seen to it that our prurient interests are well taken care of.

The acting in *Joanna* is surprisingly good. Porno regular Jamie Gillis is cast as Jason, a suave and debonair gent who believes that true love should never be questioned. He first sees Joanna, played remarkably well by a talented newcomer to X-rated films, Terri Hall, in a fancy restaurant. He has the waiter send over a bottle of expensive cham-

pagne. Joanna is mesmerized by her handsome suitor. Later, as they walk arm in arm through the garden at Jason's elegant villa, he tells her, "I never considered whether or not you'd have sex with me—it was a foregone conclusion!" Joanna is hopelessly under a spell. Plagued by eternal devotion, she agrees to do her lover's bidding.

Little by little, Jason begins to take Joanna down into the all-consuming pit of Hell. He makes her repeat, "I'm not a woman, but just a willing cunt—and a cocksucker. I will bend over and open my ass to any man who requests the pleasure of my body."

Throughout the movie, Joanna is repeatedly abused, much more so than the leading lady in *O*. The bondage appears much more real. She is whipped by Jason with a cat-o'-nine-tails. "I am not doing this as punishment," he informs her, "but simply for your pleasure." At night, she learns to cry herself to sleep as Jason refuses to come to her side. Instead, as additional punishment, he sends his personal valet to her bed to ravish her now-dejected form. Further humiliation comes when the girl is made to cut off her long, brown hair and shave her pubic region. She has, in essence, become a slave.

Although the movie runs pretty smoothly throughout, Joanna is not without faults. There is, in fact, quite a lot to be desired. It would seem that Damiano has mellowed a bit from the "old days." His technique, once bold and gutsy, has vanished, to a large extent. Currently, he seems much more interested in creating romantic settings, mood music, and effects. Because of this, the sex in *Joanna* is lighter than might be expected. The usual "cum shots" are missing. It's all soup and no gravy. There is no reason why porno can't be tastefully done, but art for art's sake is definitely not where it's at. There has to be a balance between creativity and sex. The scales are tipped against Damiano—luckily only slightly.



Taste-testing her chains, Joanna is less submissive in her dominance.

SENSATIONS

Marguerite, played by Brigitte Maier, is aboard an ocean liner bound for Amsterdam, where she is to meet her steady boyfriend. She is a breathtaking beauty, with her hair blowing freely, posed against an equally-captivating expanse of deep blue sea.

Within minutes, the adorable miss has attracted the attention of several other passengers, including Laszlo, a violin player, and Lisa, a stun-

ning, curly-tressed temptress who has long been proficient at enjoying matters of the flesh.

When the boat docks a day ahead of schedule, Marguerite and Laszlo are invited to Lisa's country home. Though she has second thoughts about accepting the invitation, Marguerite gives in and agrees to tag along. There is no way she could possibly be prepared for what is to transpire.

Lurking in the house is a one-armed man with a hook, who manages to fasten his clamp around a damp clitoris



*Brigitte Maier enjoys getting the hell sucked out of her in *Sensations*, a moderately suck-cessful skin flick.*

or two. In a moment of bizarre passion, Lisa demands of her amputee friend: "Touch me with your hook. Now smell it. From now on, you'll remember my odor when you masturbate." Viewers will either find this distasteful or kinky, depending on their own personal preferences.

Sensations goes downhill bit by bit. The only other highly erotic segment occurs when Lisa presents Laszlo with a pair of scissors and instructs him to cut gaping holes in her dress. Her ripe nipples and quivering thighs are bared for all to see. Laszlo pushes the sex-crazy girl onto a table and penetrates her. It is obvious that the sensitive musician is romantically inclined. Lisa has other ideas. "Don't be so romantic," she tells her lover. "Fuck me hard! Call me a bitch! Tell me I'm a whore!"

The basic plot is rather common and overly moralistic. Throughout the movie, Marguerite is guilt-ridden, fearful of her innermost desires. Although she would like to participate in the debauchery, she simply cannot let go. In the end, Marguerite attends an orgy where dozens of wandering tongues, probing hands, and stiff cocks explore her stretched-out form. She supposedly attains sexual nirvana.

Despite a cast of lookers, decent acting, and some mild hard-core footage, *Sensations* is hardly sensational.

BOOKS

AGAINST OUR WILL

by Susan Brownmiller
Simon and Schuster
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York, 10020
\$10.95

Your first encounter with rape in *Against Our Will* undoubtedly will be the startling discovery that you were screwed out of \$10.95 when you bought the book. Manifestly a pseudo-scientific study of the psychological ways and the sociological means of rape throughout history, this dull and cumbersome document can best be used to stop a rapist by slamming him upside the head

her book should turn people on—and therefore she should be pleased that it receives HUSTLER's rating of *Totally Limp*.

I AM EROTICA

by Jo Ann Audrey
Leisure Time Products
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio, 43216
\$8.95

Jo Ann Audrey is, without question, one of the few women left in this world who can turn a guy on with words. She writes dirty poetry so damn well that.... She poetically writes such damn good dirt that.... Ah, Christ! You don't even have to hear her sexy voice to get your cum juices flowing—her words alone will fill you full of steaming lava! In *I Am Erotica*, Jo Ann uses nothing more than the same

exactly how you'll want to read it, we're sure.

HOT TO TROT

by John Lahr
Fawcett Publications
P. O. Box 1014
Greenwich, Conn. 06830
\$1.50

Written in the latest New York literary style, this book is not for everyone. The rapid jumps from one place and time to another can cause headaches and are definitely detrimental to the hardness of one's cock. In what amounts to 260 pages of quick scenes reminiscent of the worst episodes of *Love American Style*, the plot of this book revolves around one lonesome George Melish, a true Charlie Brown type if there ever was one.

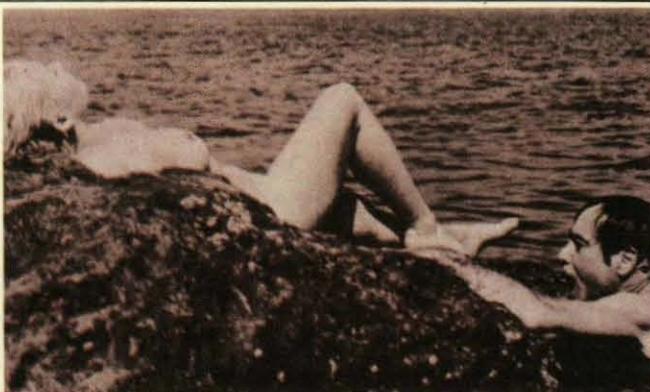
The reason George is lonesome is that his wife is finding

the average person might derive from this novel is a couple of quick laughs from jokes about Godzilla and his "thing." Aside from that, *Hot To Trot* is definitely not.

CUT: THE UNSEEN CINEMA

by Baxter Philips
Bounty Books
419 Park Avenue, South
New York, New York, 10016
\$2.95

So, you think you know movies, huh? Then I suppose you remember seeing Hayley Mills naked on the rocks with Jack Lemmon in *Avanti!*? No? Well, how about Elke Sommer prancing around nude with George Hamilton in *The Victors*? And who can forget that wincingly



A young, topless Sophia Loren, a victim of *Jack the Hipper*, and a nude Hayley Mills and Jack Lemmon are all exposed in *Cut: The Unseen Cinema*.

with it. Either that, or threatening to read it aloud to him as a form of cruel and unusual punishment. Susan Brownmiller, the authoress of this bland and bloodless filibuster, rambles and babbles on and on, until she comes to what she feels is the undeniable conclusion that all men are rapists—which is as absurd as the notion some men have that all women want to be raped.

Without a doubt, this book is an engrossing discussion of rape, in the way that a local phone book is an engrossing discussion of life in these United States. Clearly, the authoress never intended that

words-on-the-page material that you're reading right now, but she uses it like a skilled artist, creating an immortal amorous masterpiece. For example:

*I plunge with rabid
madness...Diving down
on you;
Taking your mammoth
prick deep into my throat;
Lurching with the tame-
less intrigue of a wild
and savage beast...*

A frenzied bitch-in heat!!!

There's really not much else that can be said about this book, except that Jo Ann must have written it with one hand between her legs—which is

out how much fun it is to hop on top of another guy's cock. Rather than bounce the bitch into court, or at least fight to regain her pleasure, poor old George is content to wallow in his misery like some wishy-washy five-year-old who deserves a good spanking. In the end, of course, George receives his bittersweet punishment. Accepting his situation at last, he turns up his coat collar and walks alone down the dark city streets, the winter's wind biting at his sodden cheeks. Is he happy? Is he sad? Who knows. Who the fuck cares?

About the only real pleasure

painful, nude whipping sequence in the Boris Karloff classic, *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*?

If—by chance—you are one of the unfortunate thousands who missed these exciting scenes just because the censors' scissors had their say, then you'll want to view a copy of *Cut: The Unseen Cinema*, by Baxter Philips. This book is a visual, historical overview of cinema castration—from its vigilante-like beginnings to its present G-PG-R-X rating system. You'll be amazed at how many of your favorite flicks were sabotaged with a quick slice and splice.



"You've really come a long way, baby!"



THE BLONDE MAX





In no matter how many women a man indulges in, there is always that appeal of a new face. But this blonde honey, Max, is not just another fresh fish from the sea of sexual adventure. Don't let her freckle-faced wholesome looks fool you. Max has a tart's taste for what she calls a "hunky" man—"a guy who will just grab me and turn me every way but loose." With skin that's satiny to the touch, Max radiates all that a woman should be and a man most desires. "The 'Blue Max' was a prize given to the ballsiest fliers in World War I," she says. "The 'Blonde Max' is a prize for the ballsiest guys of today. I'm Max—fly me."





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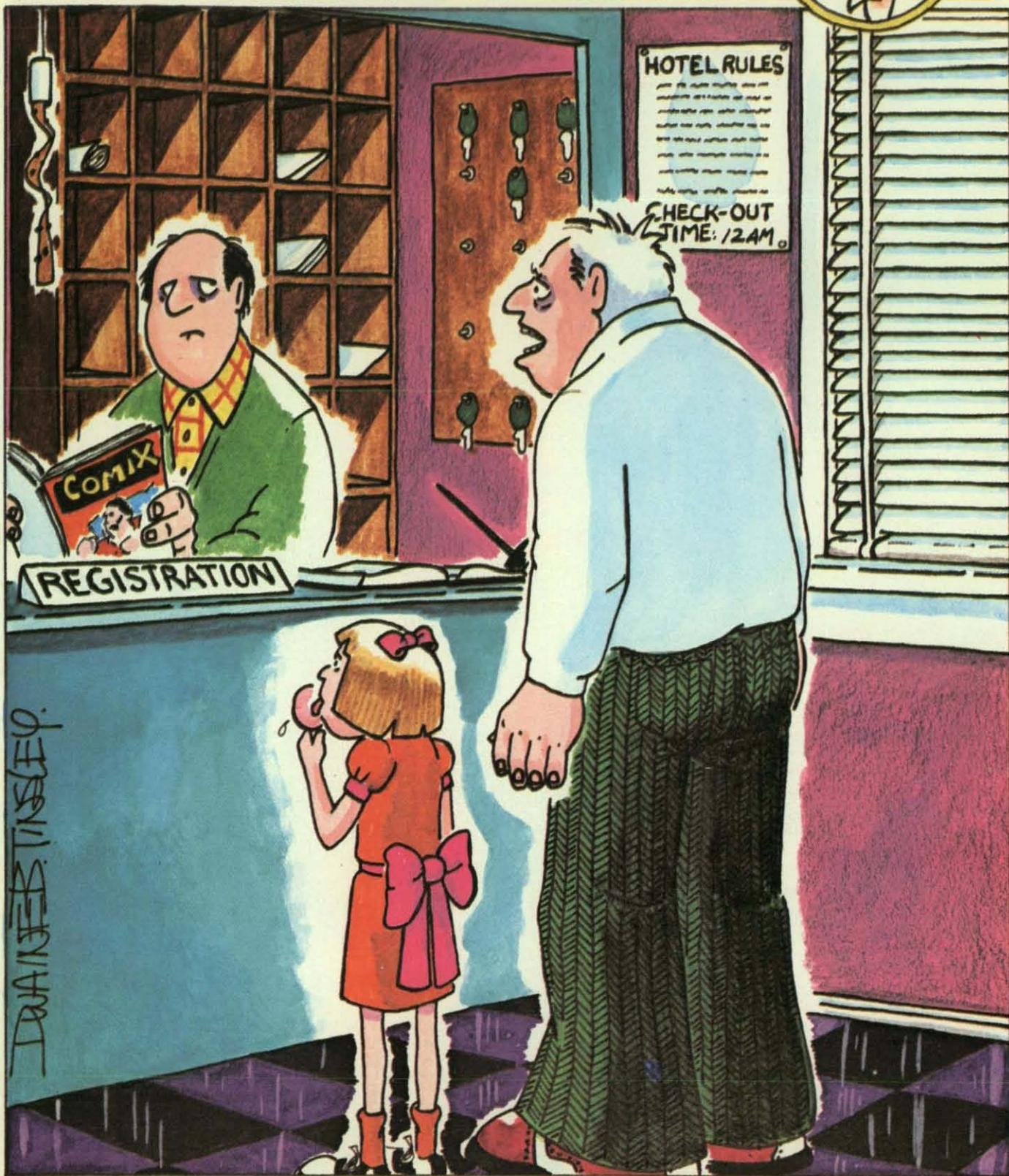
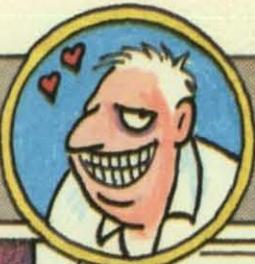








CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"I'd like a room for me and...uh...my **DAUGHTER!**...one with a waterbed!"

There once was a young sailor boy who couldn't resist a bet. He would make a bet on anything and he would always win. His shipmates were continually losing their money to him, making them very irritated.

The Captain decided to have the boy transferred to another ship. The next day the boy was transferred, and less than 15 minutes after boarding the ship, the boy addressed his new Captain and bet him 50 dollars he had hemorrhoids. The new Captain had just gotten a physical and knew he had no hemorrhoids, so he agreed to the bet. The boy told his new Captain to drop his drawers and bend over. The Captain did so, and when he bent over, the boy shoved a broomstick up the Captain's ass. The sailor found no hemorrhoids and paid the Captain 50 bucks. The new Captain thought this was great and wanted to call the boy's old Captain and tell him.

When he got the old Captain on the phone he told him he had just taken 50 dollars from the boy. The old Captain replied, "How?"

"Well," explained the Captain, "he bet me I had hemorrhoids. I knew I didn't so I bet him. He told me to drop my drawers and bend over. When I did, he shoved a broomstick up my ass."

The old Captain shouted, "That son-of-a-bitch! Before he left here he bet me 500 dollars that within 15 minutes he would have a broomstick shoved up your ass!"

A dude came home from work and caught his wife balling the next-door neighbor. He got his gun and forced the neighbor into the garage, stark naked, where he put the neighbor's cock in the vise. He welded the vise shut and then started sharpening a knife.

"My God," the neighbor said, "you're not going to cut my dick off, are ya?"

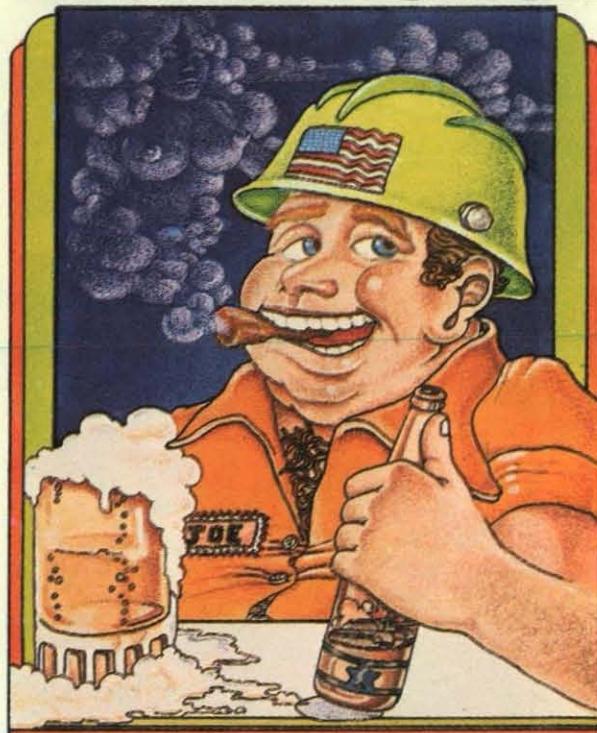
"No," the dude answered, "you are gonna cut your dick off. I'm just gonna set this place on fire."

Hear about the Jew who quit eating his wife? Some guy called her a pig!

The balcony of the execution chamber was full as the old, black murderer was led to the electric chair. Wires were attached to his head, chest, and arms. To put the wires on his legs, the executioner cut his pants at the knees and the head of his cock stuck out one of the slits. The gallery of witnesses began to laugh hysterically.

The old black man looked up with tears in his eyes and screamed: "Laugh, you son-of-a-bitches, but if you was as scared as me, yours would shrink up, too!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

HUSTLER defines a bubble bath: A hippie sitting in a mud puddle and farting.

All excited, Mark went out with a beautiful chick next door—cause rumors were out that this gal also had a cock, and Mark was determined to find out for sure.

They're parked on a lonely back road and are pretty well getting it on when the chick has to take a piss. So Mark gives her a few seconds and then he sneaks out to watch her. She is a little ways behind the car so he bends down and gets her between himself and the skyline. Sure enough, he sees this big, round, long thing hanging down between her legs. So he crawls up behind her and grabs it.

She jumps up, startled, saying, "I didn't know you were back there!"

"No," Mark says, wiping his hands, "and I didn't know you were taking a shit, either!"

Notice: The jokes in **HUSTLER** Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but funny jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke which you feel is exceptionally funny, but which nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if we throw up on it, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.



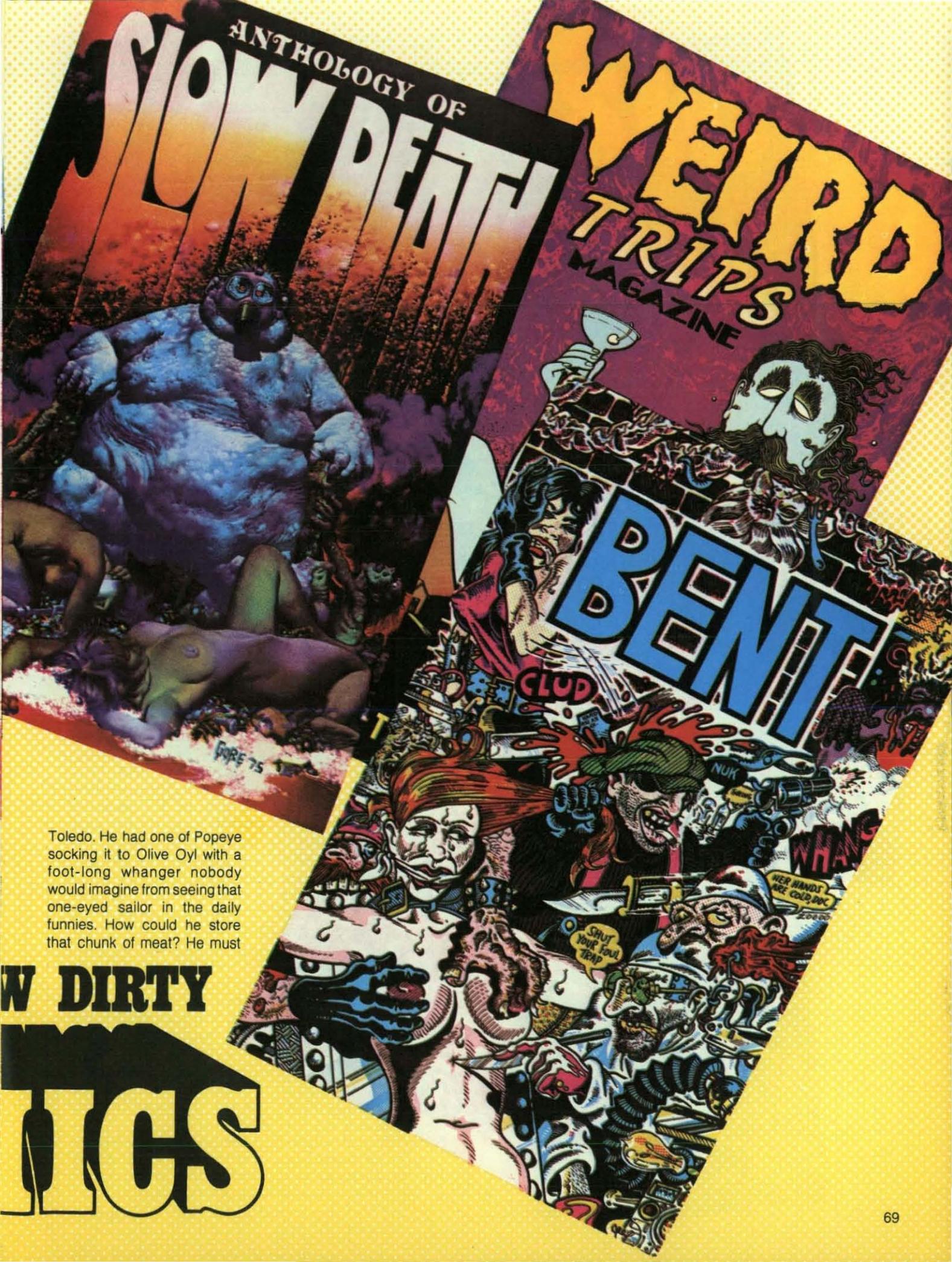
IT CAME
FROM
ALPHA
CENTAURI
LOOKING
FOR LOVE!

by Clay Geerdes

I saw my first dirty comics in a pool hall in Omaha, Nebraska, when I was sixteen. They were fanned out like a poker hand in the chubby fist of a red-faced insurance salesman from

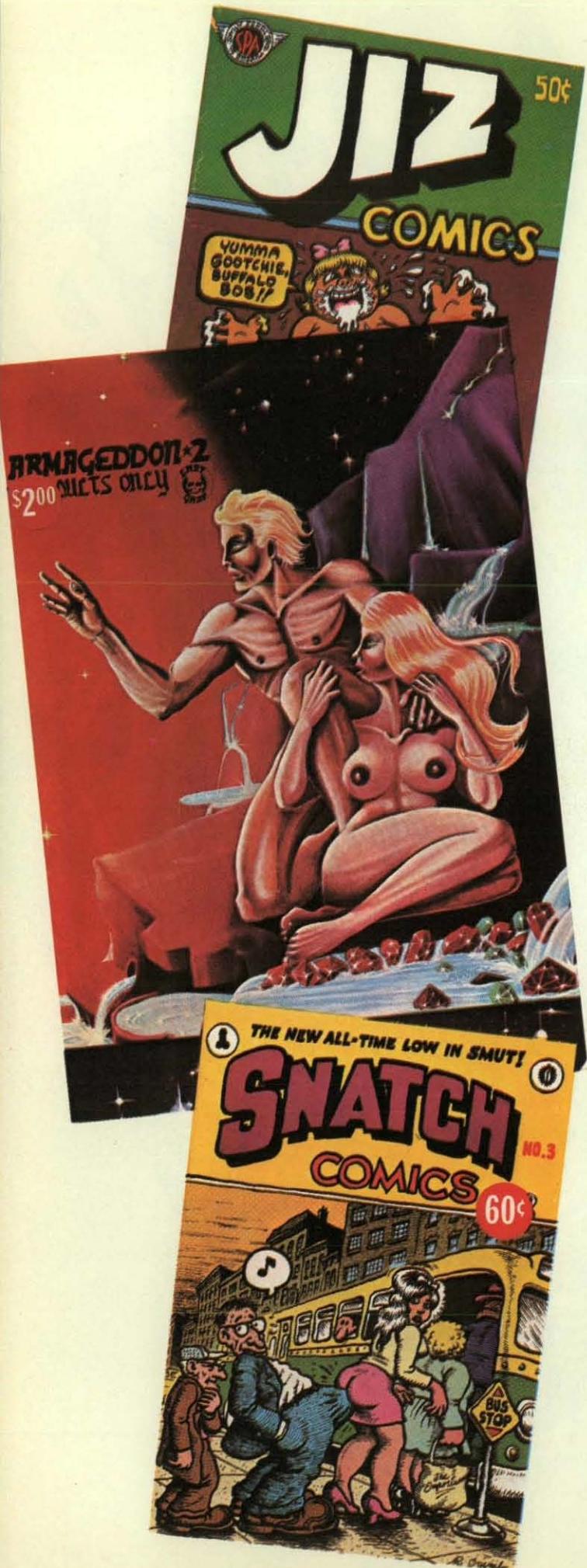
THE NE

COM



Toledo. He had one of Popeye socking it to Olive Oyl with a foot-long whanger nobody would imagine from seeing that one-eyed sailor in the daily funnies. How could he store that chunk of meat? He must

DIRTY
TICS



have kept it wrapped around his leg.

I bought a few of those comics and took them home. I put them in my shoe box along with a couple of rubbers and a dozen snapshots of fairly ordinary girls who were giggling and flashing their tits. My bedroom was upstairs, and in the ceiling was a two-foot square trapdoor that led to the attic. I kept the box just inside on a dusty beam. My old lady never cleaned up there.

The salesman said the comics had been around since the thirties. He didn't know who drew them, but he supposed the same cartoonists who did them for the regular papers had just peddled their porn when they were in Mexico on vacation.

"The Mexicans print 'em up and peddle 'em to the tourists in Juarez and Tijuana. Got no laws down there that say a man can't use a few pictures to help him along when he feels like beating his meat. It ain't like Nebraska, and that's no shit."

There wasn't much to those little comics about Tillie the Toiler, Betty Boop and Moon Mullins. They were just vaudeville gags illustrated. There were a lot of jokes about absent husbands, traveling salesmen and farmers' daughters. The sex was always ordinary. Suck, fuck and punchline—that was it. *Snatch Comics* wasn't anything like that.

I picked up the first *Snatch* in a porn store in San Francisco in late 1969. I'd heard about it earlier when someone told me the main artist was Robert Crumb, a guy who got his start by drawing greeting cards in Cleveland, Ohio. While he was there, he drew some stories about a cat named Fritz and sold them to *Cavalier Magazine*. Early in 1968 he heard people were smoking a lot of dope and having a good time in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco, so he decided to truck on out and see it all first-hand. Posters were the big fad then, but he couldn't get into that trip, so he followed through with some other ideas

he had for comic books. He got together with a printer named Don Donahue, and they put out the first *Zap Comics*. From these humble beginnings, the underground comic industry started to develop several titles that dealt humorously with sex.

Some folks like to compare *Snatch* and *Jiz* and *Cunt Comics* to the thirties' eight-pagers, but that wasn't where Crumb and S. Clay Wilson and Robert P. Williams were coming from at all. They were more into the joke books and magazines of the forties with snap-py little numbers like *Smokehouse Monthly* and *Charlie Jones Laugh Book*, which were a mixture of cheesecake, panel cartoons, and old vaudeville jokes.

That first *Snatch* was a parody of horniness. Crumb's two-page story, "The Adventures of Andy Hard-on," reminded me of the animated Ever-ready Hard-on cartoons which were made in the thirties and began to circulate on programs of underground movies around 1965. Ever-ready looked a lot like Farmer Brown from the Terry Toons, and, in keeping with the free and easy style of cartooning popular at that time, everything animate or inanimate was brought to life and participated in the episodic plot. Ever-ready's cock runs away from him, and the fun lies in his attempts to get it back. Andy Hard-on's cock carries on with him. It even does the talking for him on the street when Andy hits the pavement to score.

For a pinup, Crumb offered "Jail Bait of the Month," 13-year-old "Honeybunch" Kaminski of Los Angeles. A fat little freckled flower child in patent leather shoes and bobby socks, she was modeled on a close friend of Crumb's. Honeybunch became a mascot of the early comics movement and is still the logo for a British comic company called H. Bunch, Ltd.

Snatch was totally gross. A gag in *Smokehouse Monthly* might show a guy looking at a woman suggestively, but



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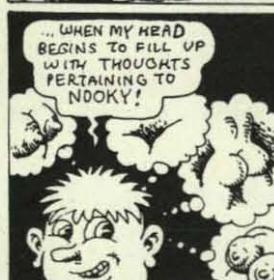
NOTE: The Love-Sex Ring is not recommended for wearing over an extended period of time. The user accepts full responsibility for proper use of the Love-Sex Ring. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

Crumb's rendition of the same gag shows Fred with his hands hanging in a girl's panties and his head up her cunt slurping away while she says, "Quick,

Fred, The Bus is Coming!" Crumb's farmer uses his daughter as a plow, holding her ankles in his hands. Her fingers are together prayer-fashion



THE ADVENTURES of ANDY HARD-ON

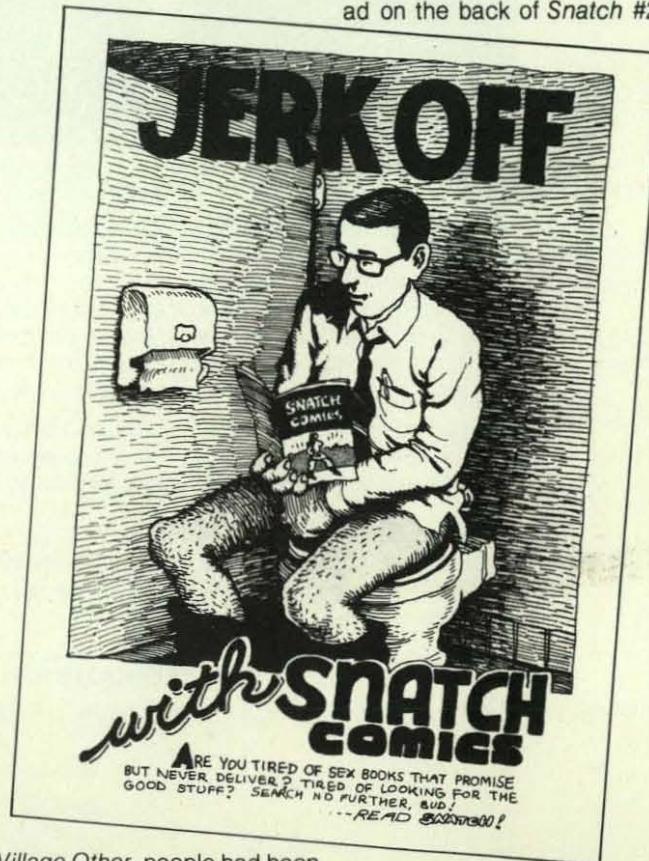


while the black-bearded farmer fucks her along the furrow. In another panel, three little black boys put a bag over their sister's head and sell her for three cents. By the third issue, *Snatch* had begun to change in the direction of kinkier sex gags.

To understand why these little sex comics were able to happen at the time they did, you have to know what the social climate was like. The sixties was a period of un-repression. All of those sexual feelings that had been kept secret through the girdle and falsie fifties were now being discussed openly on the streets. Since the beginning of the Free Speech movement at Berkeley (called by many the Filthy Speech Movement), and the four-letter-word journalism of the underground newspapers like The Los Angeles Free Press and The East

the logical time for the sex tabloids to climb onto the bandwagon.

By the end of the sixties, *Kiss*, *Screw*, *Suck*, *Ball*, and *Fetish Times* were on top of it. There were also several issues of *Zap Comics*, a couple of issues of *Young Lust*, *Slow Death Funnies*, *Armageddon*, *Skull*, *Bizarre Sex* and a couple of hundred assorted underground funnybooks making the rounds of head shops and adult bookstores. Sure, they were getting busted in a lot of places from the rural South to Laguna Beach, California, but they were happening just the same. People wanted to see it all out front, whether that meant seeing all the cocks and cunts exposed in *Oh, Calcutta!* on Broadway, or laughing at Crumb's *Andy Hard-on* and *Dick Nose*. Folks were sick and tired of the tease. Crumb summed it up with his jerk-off ad on the back of *Snatch* #2:



Village Other, people had been opening up about sex and politics. Those gross-out underground papers' comic strips were becoming even more gross, and when the outrageous shit in the papers made it past the censors, it was

"Are you tired of sex books that promise but never deliver? Tired of looking for the good stuff? Search no further, Bud! Read *Snatch*!"

That's what happened. More than one young lad threw out



"...Fuck you!"

his cum-stained copies of *Peyton Place* and *Tropic of Cancer* and began reading the new dirty comics. The artists who did those books weren't a group of college intellectuals, either. Most of them were hometown boys who knew what folks liked to get off on. Take the guy who refers to himself only as Spain. He was running a bike gang up in Buffalo, New York, and drifted down to the East Village when he heard the new scene was opening up. His first cartoons were published in *The East Village Other*. He did stuff like *Trashman*, a revolutionary strip in the style of Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy*, and *Manning*, another detective strip. Later he branched out into some kinky sado-masochistic mate-

Death, is one of the kinkiest cartoonists. His stories always have the kind of weird endings one associates with the horror comics of the 1950's in the days before they were censored by a Comics Code. His story "The Floating Head" (in *Real Pulp* #1) begins with a guy coming home to find another guy eating out his old lady. He doesn't stop to ask, "What's for dinner, hon?" He just gets an ax and whacks off the fucker's head. The trouble is that the head doesn't die. Brand tells of the head's lust for revenge and power in a sequel which ran in *Real Pulp* #2. In *Young Lust* #2, Brand drew a story of Siamese twin sisters. Like the other stories in that mock love comic, it's written in a confessional style. One of the twins marries.

Wonder Wart-Hog Magazine with his buddy, Tony Bell. He saw everyone around him beginning to freak out on LSD and other drugs, and he came up with the idea for a weekly page of comics which would tell stories about the new hippies. He called his characters the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, and the first page came out in the summer of 1968. This strip ran in *The Los Angeles Free Press*, but it was rerun in hundreds of little tabloids all over the country in those years when the Underground Press Syndicate allowed unlimited reprint privileges to all member papers.

A lot of Shelton's Austin buddies were moving to San Francisco to be near the rock and roll scene, and it wasn't

thinking of Harvey Kurtzman's little news blurb on the cover of *Mad Comics* #8, "Comics go underground." Kurtzman, whose *Mad* was as outrageous for the early fifties as *Snatch* was for the sixties, went from comics into magazines, joining up with Hefner in 1962 to produce "Little Annie Fanny" for *Playboy*. Just before "Fanny," Kurtzman produced a magazine called *Help!*, a mixture of comic art and foto-funnies (fumetti). It was in *Help!* that cartoonists like Crumb and Shelton got their first national exposure.

In the late sixties, the entire United States seemed to be divided politically into the Underground and the Establishment. Since most of the strips like Crumb's "Head Comix" and Shelton's "Freak Brothers" appeared in underground newspapers, it became routine to refer to them as underground comics. They contained many themes besides sex, but for most folks they'll probably continue to be known as the "new dirty comics" as long as *Snatch*, *Jiz*, and *Zap* remain in circulation.

Those of you interested in finding out more about any of the comics featured in this article should write to any one of the following distributors:

- 1) Krupp Comix, Mail Order Division, P. O. Box 9090, Boulder, Colorado 80301,
- 2) The Print Mint, 830 Folger, Berkeley, Ca. 94704, or
- 3) Last Gasp Comix, P. O. Box 212, Berkeley, Ca. 94704. All of these guys will be happy to sell you stacks and stacks of new dirty comics, but you *must* include an "I am over 18 years of age" statement when ordering.

And, if you are a real enthusiast and live near the West Coast, you'll want to stop in at Underground '76, a special dirty comics convention being held in the Pauley Ballroom on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, from April 30th to May 2nd. 

The artists were hometown boys who knew what folks liked to get off on.

rial which was published in *Zap* and *Young Lust*. In his story "Burger Lust," which takes place at a Mission Street drive-in in San Francisco, a woman turns a guy down cold and goes home to get off on her electric toothbrush. Spain is an arch realist, and each one of his stories reflects the stark reality of street life in modern America. His story "Field Run" in *Zap Comics* #8 captures the feeling, expression and atmosphere of a single day in the life of the Road Vultures, a no-nonsense bike gang from upper New York State. Spain's about 30 now, and, like most of the underground cartoonists, he lives and works in the Bay Area.

Roger Brand, the guy who dreamed up *Tales of Sex and*

Her sister naturally has to go along, and she turns out to be the other woman in this weird tragedy. Brand wears a long beard and longer hair, likes straw hats, and spends his leisure time hopping back and forth between San Francisco and New York.

Probably the most notorious of the underground cartoonists is Gilbert Shelton, the creator of *Wonder Wart-Hog* and *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*. At the University of Texas in Austin, Shelton edited *The Texas Ranger*, the campus humor magazine, and it was in that publication that *Wonder Wart-Hog* had his first misadventure. Restless, Shelton went to Los Angeles, moved into an art colony in Venice, California, and published

long before he followed suit and moved up to the Rip Off Ranch. When he had a lot of *Freak Brothers* pages completed, Shelton decided to follow an old comic tradition and collect them into an anthology. This had been done routinely in the late thirties with *The Funnies* and *Famous Funnies*. By that time he was a fourth partner in the Rip-Off Press, so he published the anthology through his own company.

But what was *underground* about all of those comics? How did they get that name? Can't you buy them over the counter just like any other magazines? They got the name from Robert Crumb, who referred to himself as an "underground cartoonist" in *Zap*. Maybe he was



BARBARA JEAN

"GOOD MORNIN', LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL"

Barbara Jean is a hostess at the Columbus HUSTLER Club. She has the pixyish looks and the youthful body of a high school honeybunch, and she is

totally into her adolescent image. "When I was a football cheerleader in school," she says, "all my girl friends' fathers used to say that I was 'cuter than a

speckled pup under a little red wagon.' The look of bashful desire in their eyes when they said it filled me with a warm, wet feeling. It was my first hint of what

sexual pleasure was like, and I've enjoyed playing the little-girl role ever since."

Nowadays, Barbara Jean dresses up like a schoolgirl



and liberally sprinkles her shaved bottom with baby powder when getting ready for a date—usually with an older man. "I like an older guy because he

represents a father image to me," she says. "It's as if he is teaching me about making love—and I am a willing student who doesn't need any coaxing.

This way each time is like the first time—mysterious and confusing, but with sensations and pleasures unlike anything I have ever felt before. Each racking

climax is like the first one ever, leaving me whimpering and gasping, wondering why such pure pleasure has been kept from me all my life."







COUNTRY PORN

by Glenn L. Watkins

All along the Broadway Strip—San Francisco's three-block-long nightclub district—the bright lights are turned ON. Flashing for split seconds, they travel around the frames of large plastic display signs outside the clubs. Their 150-watt souls beckon incessantly from 9 p.m. till 2 a.m. nightly at an ever-changing cast of passersby—conventioneers, servicemen, honeymooners, and tourists.

At the doorways of the clubs, the barkers take up the cry, wolf-whistling and clapping their hands as they motion their marks toward red velvet curtains guarding the entrances to Big Al's, the El Cid, the House of Ecstasy, the Condor, and a dozen other dives. They deliver their slick raps in a half-shout over the street noise: "Step right up! It's showtime! Still plenty of good seats

available! The ladies will like it, too! They're DOIN' IT ON STAGE RIGHT NOW!!! It's showtime!"

The Broadway scene has been going strong for more than a decade. Club owners there have found a formula and stuck with it. The shows were once considered daring; now they're merely imitative of one another. They await what the future may hold, and the future may be closer than expected.

A block and a half off Broadway, at a rock 'n' roll club called The Orphanage, Chinga P. (or Prig) Chavin, onetime Mexican bawdyhouse bartender and Haight-Ashbury poet, slips into a dirty tan raincoat, straps a shiny red guitar made out of a toilet seat around his shoulders, and climbs the stairs from the basement dressing room to the main floor, waiting in the shadows for his cue.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," comes the introduction, "presenting the hardest-working pervert in show business...Chinga P. Chavin!"

Chavin makes a dash for the stage, past tables occupied by fashionable young men and women wearing leather and faded blue jeans. Most of the women are sporting the newest short hairstyles. One slinky lass wearing glossy red lipstick has encased her long legs in a pair of knee-high alligator boots with four-inch heels. Other patrons sit on thick cushions at low, candlelit tables near the stage. The air is thick with cigarette smoke, aftershave and cologne aromas and body heat. On the wall behind the bandstand, two erotically entwined lovers do their thing in stained glass.



A man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark cowboy hat and sunglasses, is performing on stage. He is surrounded by a band and is gesturing with his hands. The stage is dimly lit with red and orange lights.

"Howdy, fellow perverts,"
Chavlin drawls into the four-channel sound system.
Black wraparound sunglasses hide his eyes, but not
the leer on his lips. Turning toward the four musicians on
stage with him, he stomps his
pointy-toed cowboy boots a
few beats, and they launch into the opening number, an
up-tempo boogie tune entitled "4 A.M. Jump," with lyrics that would clean the
wax out of anyone's ears:

*We're gonna jump, suck,
lick, fuck and hump
all night,*

*We're gonna jump, suck,
lick, fuck and hump
all night,*

*We're gonna jump, suck,
lick, fuck and hump
all night,*

*Till we ball away the
blues...*



The crowd, judging by its stiff applause and quizzical expressions at the song's end, doesn't exactly know what to make of the assemblage on stage, the standard first reaction to this band. They call themselves Country Porn, and except for Chavin's guitar, of course, appear to be just another hippie country-rock band. But those lyrics are so...well, *filthy*. The Country Porn repertoire of about 40 tunes, half written by Chavin and the remainder co-authored with guitarist Steve "Jellyroll" Baker and bassist "Beaver" Bob Herman, includes such titles as "Cum Stains on the Pillow (Where Your Sweet Head Used to Be)," "Dry Humpin' in the Back of a '55 Ford," "Muff Divin' Man," "Mama's Turnin' Tricks to Post My Bail," "Cum unto Jesus," "Tit Stop Rock," and "Sado-Masochistic Transvestite Queen."

Most audiences eventually discover that the Country Porn message is essentially one of satire and parody. What Chavin has done is to apply the devices of avant-garde poetry to the world of pop music. The result has been the creation of a whole new genre—porn rock. Chavin delights in recalling the antics of audiences won over during the band's 18-month exposure to California. He's been "mooned" not once but several times; the band received a five-minute ovation at one of San Francisco's gay bars; at their very first gig in a pool hall in Point Richmond, California, a buxom young lady holding a glass of tequila in one hand maneuvered up to the bandstand and grabbed Chavin's crotch as he was singing.

Creating a whole new musical genre— porn rock.

Tonight, the turning point comes as Chavin introduces one of his favorites, entitled "Sit Sit Sit." Two hecklers seated on cushions near the stage interrupt his monologue.

"Shut up, you faggots."

Chavin's command reverberates through the club. The crowd of about 100 falls silent. After a moment's pause, Chavin grins out of the side of his mouth at his two antagonists. "Just kiddin', boys," he reassures them. "Life is just a bowl of fairies, anyway." With that, the band begins the first chords of "Sit Sit Sit." The crowd relaxes at the sound of the music, grateful for its presence and appreciative of its unifying aspect. There'll be no fighting tonight. The song is a slow ballad, reminiscent of those fifties, do-wah tunes that closed countless high school dances.

The two hecklers, also relieved, get up from their table and move to the dance floor.

There these two young men take each other in their arms and dance slowly, cheek to cheek.

The rest of the audience watches the soloists with the sudden realization that they've never seen or heard anything like this before.

*When you sat on my face and said
that you love me,
I knew that romance would soon be
above me;
But before I could try
A bite of your fur pie,
You ran away, you said goodbye,
Then time changed our love, things
weren't the same,
Like when you jerked me off at the
homecoming game.
Now all of our love leaves a wonderful
taste;*

*Won't you sit sit sit sit on my face,
Won't you sit sit sit sit on my face?*

The Country Porn pickers and rhythm men are cooking now as they near the climax of the set, the introduction of Gina Fornelli, star of the hard-core films *Ultra-core* and *Sodom & Gommorah*. While all the bright lights and signs up on Broadway are dragging in customers to stare at bare boobs while they listen to taped music, here, less than two blocks away, a pop culture event is taking place—a multi-media star crossing, film star and rock star. The total effect is like being at a private party where the fantasies of the famous are exposed.

(continued)

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H-476

Gina, topless, is fondling something called the Porn-O-Tronic stimulator, a long, hose-like device which is plugged into Country Porn's P.A. box. The stimulator converts electronic impulses into physical vibrations. Gina first attaches a suction cup to the end of the hose. She shoves the cup onto her breasts, her crotch, and then onto Chavin's crotch, as the band pounds out the chords to "Sado-Masochistic Transvestite Queen."

Now she attaches a dildo to the end of the hose. She rubs it over her body, wriggling frantically, her breasts glistening with perspiration and heaving in the air.

Chavin discards his shirt, revealing a sweaty upper torso. He grabs the hose from Gina and drops his cowboy hat as he moves in on her. The band pounds out a louder beat, faster and faster.

*She's got whips and chains and a leather brassiere,
She can dig it straight or queer;
She's done everything you've ever dreamed,
She's a sado-masochistic transvestite queen...*

The audience, long ago convinced, is enjoying itself. Couples fill the dance floor. Ice cubes melt in the drinks of men whose warm hands move slowly up and down the smooth glasses on their tables. But one young lady is not amused.

Stomping over to where the local promo man for Country Porn is standing, she announces, "They're nauseating." With that, she leaves. The woman had been invited to the show as the representative for a San Francisco women's movement group known as Coyote, which was planning a party and needed a band. Coyote, which had achieved national exposure by taking the position that hookers and call girls are

oppressed persons, sent Country Porn a letter after the show.

It said, in effect, "We don't want you."

* * *

Several days later, over lunch at his Marin County rancho near San Francisco, Chavin considered the Coyote allegation. "I'm not a sexist. I'm a masculinist," he said, folding a piece of oatmeal bread over a boiled hot dog and slapping on some mustard. Outside the kitchen window, pine and redwood trees stretched into the distance of the San Geronimo Valley. In the front yard a rabbit peered out from its chicken wire cage. "You know who they finally hired for their party? A female impersonator."

He shuffles through a pile of papers on the kitchen table. "I used to run into this problem when I went out bustin' quackers and armadillos on the Rio," he drawls. "West Texas sheep. All they need to fix 'em up is a little Spanish fly. Or an open one, ha, ha, ha. Instead of being honest lesbians they act like it's perverted to be a boy."

Despite his joking, Country Porn thought enough of the incident to send off a reply to Coyote. Chavin finds what he's looking for in the spread of papers and pushes over a copy of the letter.

It reads, in part: "...The target of our comedy is the American system of values regarding sex. This hypocritical system of values, often characterized as the 'American Puritan Ethic,' is typified by the kind of male sexism that our act seeks to deflate through ridicule. Country Porn satirizes both country and western music and the concept of pornography—a twisted concept that is at the heart of a sexist, puritan ethic which has oppressed people for centuries..."

"The point is," says Chavin, "a lot of people's sex fantasies and early toilet

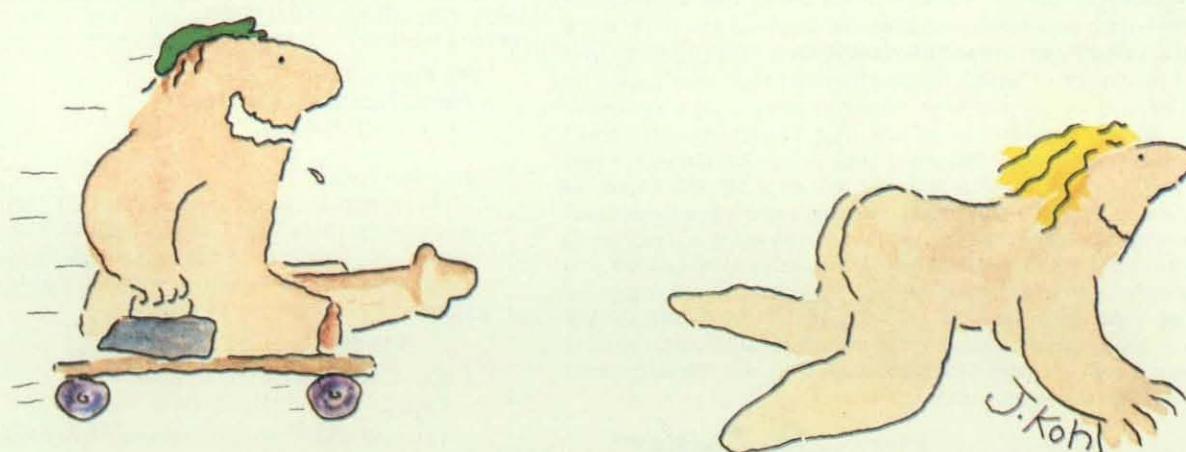
training dictate their response to my work."

He goes into the living room and puts on a recording of Lightnin' Hopkins' "Fan It."

"He's my favorite," he says, returning to his seat just as the telephone on the kitchen wall starts ringing. Chavin picks up the receiver.

While he talks, the music from the record player fills the house. In the song, Hopkins instructs the listener to "fan it when your baby's gone because if you ain't fanning it, you must be doin' something wrong." It's a classic "blue" tune out of the genre that produced songs by bluesmen such as Memphis Slim and Tampa Red about cooking jelly rolls in your baby's oven and playing with her poodle. Out of this tradition Chavin and Country Porn have stepped into the seventies. English backroom songs and limericks also have influenced him, and he acknowledges a special debt to Lord Buckley, who used to deliver sermons set to jazz while belly dancers swayed at his Chicago Church of the Living Swing. "A lot of people try to cast me in the Lenny Bruce mold," Chavin has said, "but it was Lord Buckley who knew the jazz." He also credits his reading of Sam Charter's *A History of the Blues* for the development of Country Porn.

Chavin hangs up the telephone. Of late, he says, his phone bill has been more than \$200 a month, most of it run up by cross-country calls to his New York management group. Chavin has retained veteran rock producer Michael Brovsky to handle a record album that is to be done in Nashville. Before going into the studio, however, he expects to release one of his compositions, "Asshole from El Paso," on the next album by country and western maverick Kinky Friedman, an old pal from Texas. Their relationship goes back to the mid-sixties



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a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

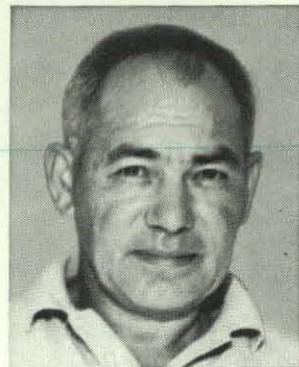
offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than \$1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

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when they played in a band called King Arthur and the Karrots.

Chavin later moved to San Francisco and published several volumes of poetry. One of his favorite works was a history of the rubber. "All my poems started sounding like songs," he has said. "But I've always been a pornophile."

He slops mustard on a second hot dog. "I'm not one of those hard-bellied rock 'n' roll singers with a bulging crotch and vaseline smeared on my pectoral muscles," he says. "My songs come from lonely Texas hotel rooms with gray sheets and bare light bulbs.

"Our music is sexual therapy. Moses freed the Jews, Lincoln freed the slaves, and Chinga's gonna free the neurotics. All those psychoanalysts want too much bread. By coming to see Country Porn you can air your hangups, so to speak, for the price of a beer."

He can't resist adding, "We're also into groupie therapy, of course." Ironically, says Chavin, when Country Porn's at its hottest, the groupies turn cold. "They're afraid of what goes on in our motel rooms. When we're too tame, we're flooded with offers from young ladies talkin' about gettin' some drummer dick and guitar dick."

But while thoughts of the past bring a grin to his face, it is the future, and specifically 1976, which makes Chavin's eyes glow. He wants to make it big as a tribute to that fun-loving guy George Washington.

"For us it's the Bisexual Bicentennial. We're really just a splinter group from the Sons of the Pioneers. Every member of Country Porn is a patriot," says Chavin, spewing one-liners. "There's not a ram or an oiler among us."

He's writing a song about a plantation owner who visits his slave's quarters and "gets to know some of his property in the Biblical sense." The master contracts syphilis. "Several months later George Washington died," says Chavin. He plans to call the song "The Virginia Creeper."

"And everyone knows that Millard Fillmore was a foot queen. Buchanan was into S & M."

Country Porn also plans to sponsor a "National Day of Sex," when everyone would take a day off work and "screw around."

"We are going to be the coup de grace to the Puritan Ethic," he says. "It's all summed up in our theme song."

*They call it that good ole Country Porn,
It's mainly the reason you were borned;
If your daddy hadn't a got it in,
You never would a knowed original sin,*

You're here because of good ole Country Porn.

One never knows what to expect at a Country Porn gig. It's not like a big Bob Dylan tour where the cheers of the crowd are predictable almost to the second, the food is catered, the hotel rooms rented months in advance, and the star sheltered from the throngs. The unexpected usually results from the stirring of passions and prejudices when Country Porn takes to the stage. The gig at River City in Fairfax, a few miles from Chavin's rancho, was no exception.

Upstairs in the warm-up room, the band is suiting up. Tall Bob Herman adjusts his bass while Steve Baker, who is all skin and bones, fiddles with his guitar. Chavin is changing from his street clothes into a glossy sateen western shirt when the conviviality is interrupted by the arrival of a dingbat.

The dingbat used to manage a Marin rock club. When Country Porn first approached him in 1974 for a gig, he gave them the "Don't-call-me, I'll-call-you" routine. Later, the club folded. Dingbat is out of a job. Now he wants to hang out with Country Porn. He approaches Chavin with an idea for a song about toads or something.

"Yeah, sure. Great. Yeah, great," Chavin tells him. "I'll call you next week."

Dingbat bounces out of the room.

"The boy's flipped his lid," says Chavin. "Wants me to go partners with him in a new club. He's crazy."

Downstairs, the club is filling up. The customers also begin to fill up on draft beer, Coke, Guinness stout and cigarettes. There's no reluctance here to imbibe. River City is a funky hippie hangout, the kind of place Chavin enjoys most. The place is a combination pool hall, restaurant and nightclub. In the back, a game room is filled with pinball machines.

Near the bar, a stoned freak with a headband holding down his long hair is wandering around asking bystanders, "Is that your motorcycle parked out front?"

One of the waitresses is absolutely buoyant.

"My parents are here," she exclaims to the bartender. "My parents!" She points out a balding man in a corduroy sportcoat and a woman drinking a glass of wine.

Country Porn arrives on stage, and, after

Chavin is introduced, hits the first bars of "Asshole from El Paso." The melody is pure Merle Haggard, but the words aren't.

"Well, I'm proud to be an asshole from El Paso/A place where sweet young virgins are deflowered..."

Chavin and Baker are harmonizing now on "Cum Stains on the Pillow (Where Your Sweet Head Used to Be)." The violet spotlights brighten their shiny purple and red western shirts. Over in a corner the beaming waitress dances an Irish jig with her mother. They go round and round the table where her father sits drumming his fingers. He has that stunned, perplexed look on his face. The Country Porn whammy is working again.

From "Cum Stains, etc.," the band segues into "Muff Divin' Man," and as Chavin gets off his best leer, singing about a woman in need, the wall behind the bandstand comes to life. The film is a bit blurry, but the color's good as a mustachioed young man works his way down the stomach of a writhing young blonde on her knees and then buries his face in her mound of wet hair.

The crowd is spellbound. The man in the corduroy coat taps his fingers some more.

"I didn't catch the plot, but it appeared to be thickening. At least the juices were," Chavin says at the end of the number.

With the crowd now in the palm of his hand, he informs them that the moment has arrived for the "inspirational number in the Anal Roberts tradition."

"Men, take off your hats," he commands. "Ladies, your tampons, please. This one's dedicated to the Big Picker in the Sky. She's lookin' down on all of us." He hushes them into silence. The song is called "Cum unto Jesus":

*Remember, the Good Book says love
and let love,
Cast no stones at sin.
Take that young lady back to your
bed,
And when you finally get it in,
You've got to cum for Peter, cum for
Paul,
Cum for Mary, too;
If you cum twice, then Jesus Christ
will bless you.**

The band explodes into a fast dance tune, and the floor fills up with shaking bodies and emotions.

Chavin steps back from the microphone and gazes out at the dancers. He looks drained. Sweat drips down his face and clings to the hair on his forehead. His sateen shirt is moist at the armpits, and it clings to the roll of fat around his belly. The show has gone well tonight. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

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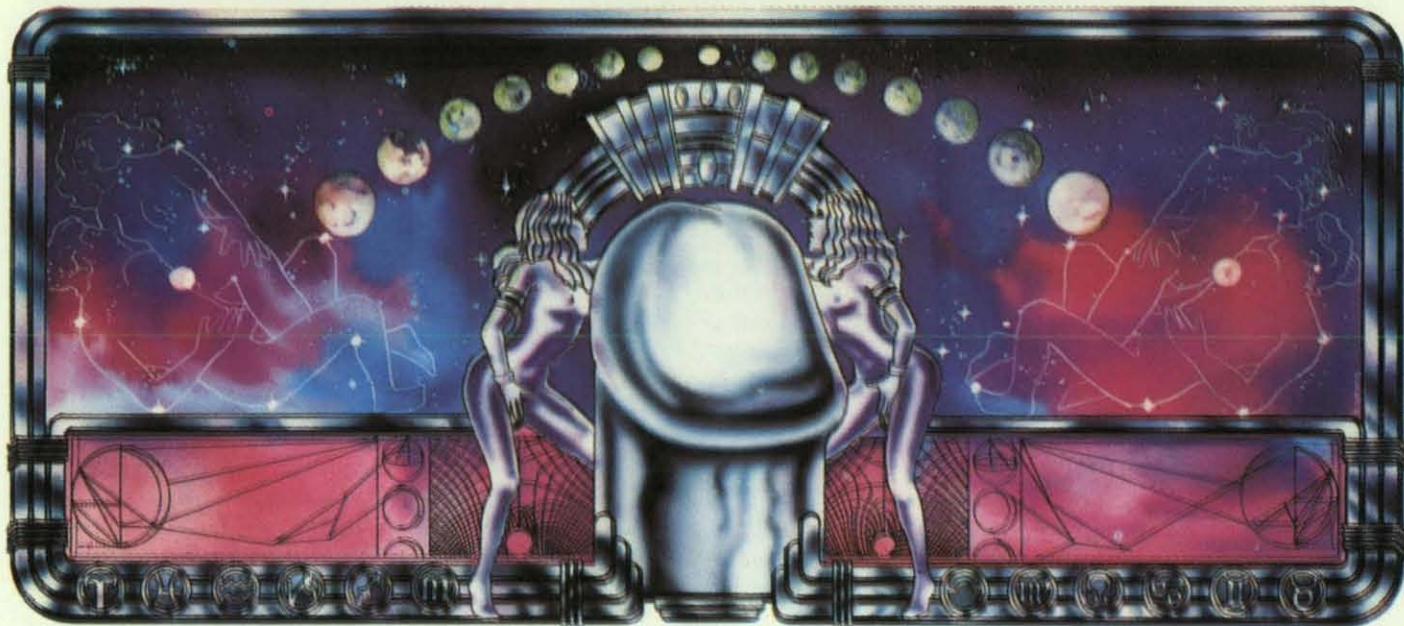
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HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY



by Fickling

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Fuck goodness sakes!

It's Spring, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, and a Ram thinks only of where to *shove it!* Dig up a courageous Capricorn. Right now a cute Cappy may play a Bicentennial tune on your cock while you cuddle with her cunt. The Cappy broad usually comes on with a fast grab of the Aries' jocular joint, and before you know it you Rams will have it in the Cappy's cornia. If you don't know a cunty Cappy, you'll recognize her immediately if you attend the next orgy. She's the gal urinating all over Fred and the bed.

You Rams are in an extremely sexy mood this month (as always when your birthday celebration rolls around), so find some large-breasted, quiet girl you can seduce in a strange place, like a library restroom, a graveyard, a Greyhound bus bench, or atop the City Hall building. You may be living a little too dangerously, though, if you contemplate fucking a dame on the police station steps, unless you're a cop!

There are some assholes who still owe you money that you hesitate to collect. Kick their balls loose and get the dough—now. If you don't, you may be kicking yourself in the butt for the rest of the year.

You are going to have a sudden, strange love affair this month that is going to make your tool drool. The charts show you will bump into this beauty sometime during the latter part of April, and she will make the first move. Don't *blow* this deal. Let her blow you. She may be a quiet little mouse on the outside, but she's a womb-bomb on the inside. You must be prewarned that she may fuck like a mink, talk like a sphinx, and wrap you around her pinky, so this could also be "deadsville" for either your bachelorhood or your marriage. Curb those wild wandering feelings early this month, because you could get mixed up with an explosive doll with really twitching thighs. This could either be a clap of thunder or a dose of clap.

Don't be a damned "tool fool"! Let the good ones light your birthday candle.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Break out of the old corral early this month, either out of town on a short vacation or with some cute chick you met recently and want to fuck on the side. Taurean charts indicate something new and nude on the horizon, so concentrate on putting this affair together without blowing the whistle on yourself. Money continues to be as tight as an asshole, and you're going to have to really work like hell to get in there. Lubricate any openings and push to get what you can. If you do take that Spring trip, keep your eyes open for a Sucky Sagittarian.

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

It's "Ball-a-Gem Month"! Seek one of your own kind—a gorgeous nymphomaniac Gemini—and fuck the hell out of her. During April your charts mesh like two lusty bodies really hammering out the "ooohs and aaaahs" in a porno film. Play some of those fantastic sex games of yours now and you may score like never before. Money continues to be a problem. Except for a little moola you may receive from out-of-the-blue, nothing in the future shows much promise. Stay active, and keep your ass out of trouble.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

You may as well fuck your way out of trouble because Cancerian charts now are shaky. Investments are not good. Hell, live it up Cancerian-style and find yourself a nice piece of ass and forget your problems. Best for you at the moment is a cock-provoking Aries. Get her when the moon is full and she's ripe and ready. Also, a wide-open Pisces pussy like the one you saw recently in *HUSTLER* could solve a lot of your difficulties. Don't be screwed up now. Screw your way to happiness.

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

Just because you're mad right now is no excuse to pass up a good piece of ass. Quit growling, and concentrate on that cute broad you've been eyeballing for weeks. If you use some of that positive Leo-power you can't help but score, especially if she is a hot-thighed Aquarian who hates to say "no." Right now business relationships can be as fucked up as your love life isn't, so don't roar when you can score—all the way around. Use your creative talent to break open a few dams and dames.

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

"Roll me over in the clover, roll me over, lay me down and do it again!" There's no sense in singing the old Army song now, because those unbelievably fantastic months have passed you by. Hopefully, you wrung every fucking bit of juice out of that voluptuous spurt of Virgo ecstasy during the first part of 1976. Money may be a little tough at the moment, probably because others are just not on your wavelength. Girls are! If you want to have a Spring fling, take one word of advice: don't be so damned honest about it and let the cat out of the bag.

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

Suddenly it's "Happy Days Are Here Again!" and the charts show you are picking up some of the fantastic pussy aura that had Virgo in an orgy-money spin for the past few months. In fact, this is the time to climb onto a victorious Virgin. The Virgo Nova has spread her sweet loins over you Libra fellows, and this could be scoresville

time. Don't hesitate if there is an offer of love, money, or both. Grab all the cash and ass you can and don't spend too much time trying to weigh your decision. Get cracking!

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

It's time to pull out all the stops. Ram it all up their asses and break loose for the big run. This could be the touchdown that wins this particular game, but if you take your eye off the ball for one second you may be dead. Don't spread yourself too thin. There is only one of you, and that chopping block will accommodate a multitude. You are gaining friends and lovers slowly, enemies by the droves, but this month is the time to really stand up and be counted—and not out! You know damned well you're right, and you're going to prove it now—or else! Friends you need like a hole in your head. Money, yes. Power, yea!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

The old travel itch is tickling the hell out of you about mid-April, so yank down your zipper and let her fly. Sagittarian charts reveal you are in for some unusual treats, both physically and emotionally. At the moment, a Virgo dolly would seem to be the best bet in bed. One caution—don't overdo it; more Sagittarians have heart attacks while humping and pumping than any other sign, since you really pour your hearts into it, plus all the cock you can muster. Money problems seem stable, with a hint of something big in the near future.

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

That work load is building too heavily. Slow it down a notch, especially right now when the emotional problems of taxes and heavy bills are enough of a burden. Dedicate a little more time to your sex-life. Find an ass-loving Aquarian and let her do all the work. She will be happy to please in every way. This is a particularly good month for Cappys to frolic. Attend all parties, orgies and Easter Bunny bashes you can find. Don't neglect fucking and fun. A lot of Capricorns look down their noses at such hijinx. Look up, look up that lonesome pussy and blow your own horn instead of letting Gabriel have all the goodies.

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

Money seems to be the big Aquarian problem this month. There's too much going out—and not enough coming in! You are going to have to settle down and not be tempted by dames and deals. If you must buy a piece of ass, be certain she's also an Aquarian. Not only is this the Age of Aquarius, but sometimes you Water Bearers need each other—like now. It's best to play it close to the old money belt and not go out on any old limbs. Young limbs are better, especially below the Mason/Dixon line. Seriously, play this month like a game of Monopoly, making every effort to win—and stay out of jail.

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

Pisces charts show a lot of physical activity during the month of April. Your best bed partner would be a "fire sign"—Aries, Leo or Sagittarius. All three of these ladies like to fuck and suck more than you could even dream of. Stay out of involved business dealings and try to keep yourself honest at the same time. Money is still tough for you and needs a lot of attention. But so do the broads, so give them what they need—three squares a day and seven inches in between. Don't bitch. Hump one!

The Hired Gal

(continued from page 34)

"I reckon."

"Then let's get started, Paw!" said Jug. "I'm just hankering to get my arms locked around that gal and pin her to the ground! I'm hankering fit to bust!"

"But first," said the preacher, "we got to set up some rules. Now, ordinarily, the fellow who catches the pig wins it. But seeing as how neither of you are exactly eager to win this gal in marriage, you might not try very hard to catch her. So we have to turn the rules clear around. The one who catches her *loses* her. The one who *don't* catch her *wins* her. And marries her."

That put a crimp in my scheme, because that was just what I was aiming to do—let her slip away on purpose. But the preacher was one jump ahead of me.

"Reverend?" said Jug. "To make it all the more fair and square, don't you think me and Paw ought to strip down ourselves?"

"Aw, hell, Jug," I said, "I'm too old for such goings on. Besides, there's a snap in the air."

"The boy's got a point, Brother," said the preacher. "If you are both Adam-naked,

then nobody can say the winner's clothes were rougher than the loser's. It would equalize things."

So Jug and me stripped down to the buff and stood there in the moonlight like a pair of damn fools.

The preacher said, "Brother Taggott, your years entitle you to the first try."

"All right," I said, "but only if we put more grease on her after my turn. I ain't fool enough to get all the grease rubbed off on me just so's Jug can have an easy time of it."

The preacher nodded. "I will even help with the regreasing," he said.

"I thought you would."

He took out a big watch from his pocket. "Ready, Brother Taggott?"

"I'm ready."

He looked down at his watch. "Then—go get her!"

The gal run and I was right behind her. When we turned the corner by the pig trough, I grabbed her shoulder but it slipped clean away from me. Next time, as we went past the wood pile, I got her around the

waist and threw her down. She hopped out of my arms like a frog. I clutched at her chests, but they popped right out of my hands like they was a couple of skinned peaches. Dug my fingers into her sitter, but it squirmed away, both parts of it. Tried to grab her thighs, but my hands just slid all the way down her legs to her knees, then down to her ankles, and she was gone.

"Time's up!" yelled Reverend Sims.

I was covered with pig fat from head to foot. More of it on me than on the gal.

"You win, Paw!" said Jug.

"Not yet I don't," I said. "It might turn out to be a draw. Let's get the gal greased up again."

The preacher pitched in and helped us, and this time the gal got to seeing the fun of it, and she giggled and squealed the whole time we was greasing her.

"You ready, Jug?" the Reverend said when he was through.

"Oh, yes sir, Reverend, I sure am!" He sure was, too. You'd of had to be blind not to see that.

The Reverend looked at that watch of his. "Go, boy!" he yelled.

He took after her like a hound dog after a rabbit: She gave him a good run for his money, all the way around the outhouse and back toward the rear pasture. Then she tripped on a root and went face down, and Jug was right on top of her. Held on to her for dear life. Squirm and squiggle? I'm here to tell you she did! Almost got away from him one time—but then we heard her squeal like a stuck pig, and I figured Jug really had pinned her to the ground just like he said he'd do.

"Time's up and she's still down," said the Reverend. "I reckon the boy wins. I mean loses." She was still squealing fit to bust.

"Jug!" I called out. "You let that gal up right now, y'hear?"

"In a...minute...Paw..." he said, all gaspy-like.

"Right now!" I yelled back. "That little lady is my future wife!"

"I respectfully suggest a very short engagement," said the preacher.

"How does tomorrow morning suit you?"

"Ten o'clock? Don't come no earlier because I'm baptizing the Geer baby at nine."

"Jed Geer? I thought he had everything shot off in the war."

"I said it before and I'll say it again, Brother Taggott. The ways of the Lord are wondrous."

"Amen. Jug? You hear me? Let that little gal up!"

"Yes, Paw...Here...I...come!"

Anyway, that's how I got engaged to the hired gal. But the wedding was something else again.

(continued)



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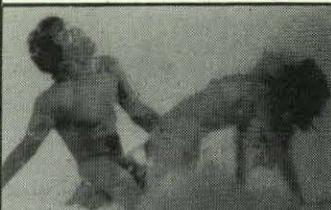
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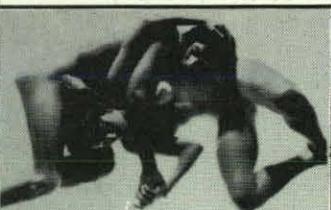
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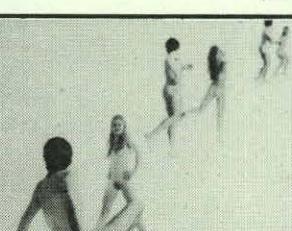
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Bright and early next morning, we all three got ourselves scrubbed pink and shiny. Jug was going to be my best man.

"Good enough to eat," said Mrs. Sims, when she saw the hired gal standing in the kitchen in her wedding clothes.

The Reverend's wife had come over to bring the gal to the church in the flivver and give her away. Me and Jug was supposed to get there in the buckboard. Wasn't proper for all of us to arrive together at the same time, she said, or some such folderol. So I hitched up the horse to the buckboard, and me and Jug started for the church.

On the way, Jug got to thinking pretty hard about things. I could tell by the way his forehead got all wrinkled up like the lid on a jar of preserves.

"Paw?" he said.

"Yes, son?"

"This here marrying-up and all."

"What about it?"

"It ain't going to change anything in the house, is it?"

"I don't rightly know what you mean, Jug."

"Aw, hell, Paw, sure you do. I mean you and me is still going to plow the hired gal, ain't we?"

Well, like I said before, Jug never fussed about the whos, whats or whys of plowing, so I didn't get riled. I tried to explain to him how things would be different.

"Jug, the hired gal won't be the hired gal

anymore. She'll be your stepmother, don't you see. My wife. That means the only one that'll get to plow her will be me."

"I won't never get to plow her no more?"

"Nope."

Jug slapped his knee hard enough to bust it. "Shoot," he said. "If I'd of known that, I wouldn't of tried so hard to catch her last night."

When we got to the church, Jed Geer and his missus was just leaving with their baby, so I said howdy and told them what a beautiful young'un it was. It was a homely kid, really, with little squinty eyes. They named him Jeremiah Amos Geer, Jr.

"Morning, Brother Taggott," said the Reverend. "You're looking as fancy as a Christmas goose."

"Why, thank you kindly," I said. "Reverend, before they get here, I'd like to ask you something."

"Fire away, Brother."

"Well, I come from old-fashioned people, and we always took the view that a man is responsible for his wife's health and well-being in body, mind and spirit."

"So he is, so he is."

THE PHILOSOPHER

Man, when he does not grieve, hardly exists.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

"That being the case, I don't reckon my new missus will be needing your Friday evening spiritual-advising anymore, will she?"

"I'll miss those visits, Brother. They have been like the balm of Gilead. But, under the circumstances, I think that all the spiritual-advising she gets from now on should come from you."

We stood there outside the church jawing for a spell, and then the Reverend pulled out his watch. "Where in tarnation are those ladies?" he said. "We've been standing here half an hour."

I bent down and picked up a folded piece of paper from the ground. "Here, Reverend. This fell out of your watchpocket."

"What? Thank you."

He opened it up and looked at it. Then his eyes bugged out like a toad's. He threw the piece of paper to the ground and stomped on it. "That whore of Babylon!" he hollered, over and over again. Then he walked back and forth in front of the church, shaking his fist at the sky.

I picked up the paper and smoothed it out. It had handwriting on it. This here is what it said:

My Dear Husband,

When I married you, it was with the hope that life with a man of God would save me from the forbidden cravings of the flesh that have consumed me ever since I flowered into womanhood. But alas, it was not to be. My sinful appetite has overwhelmed me, for I have fallen deeply and hopelessly in love with the Taggott's hired girl. I am running off with her to some far place where we can make a life together. Please forgive and sometimes pray for

Your Erring Wife

"That whore of Babylon!" the Reverend yelled again. "She even took my flivver!"

Ain't much more to tell. None of us ever saw Mrs. Sims or the hired gal after that, so we never even found out if the gal was really pregnant. The Reverend moved on to the next county. Jug growed up and run off to the big city as soon as he was able. At the moment, I hear tell he's doing time for what they call indecent exposure. When I say we never saw the hired gal again, I mean we never saw her in person. But we saw her lots of times, in the years after that, in town at the pictures. Nowadays, she's on the television a lot, on that late-late show. She took another name, and if I told it to you, you'd know it right off.

I'll be switched. Do you know that it just came to me now, after all these years, who that squinty little Geer baby reminded me of? Just this minute, it hit me. He was the spit and image of Reverend Sims. 



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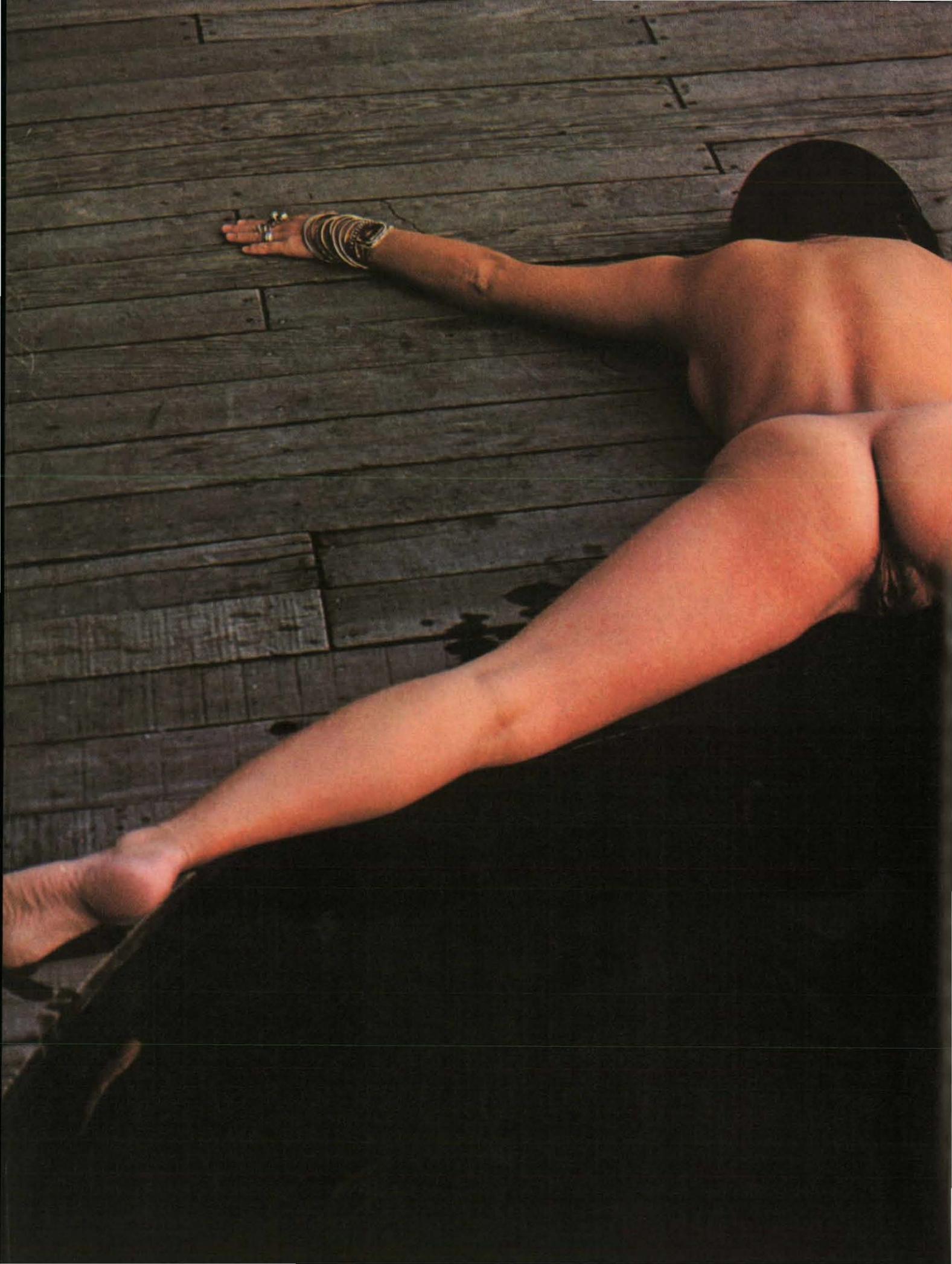
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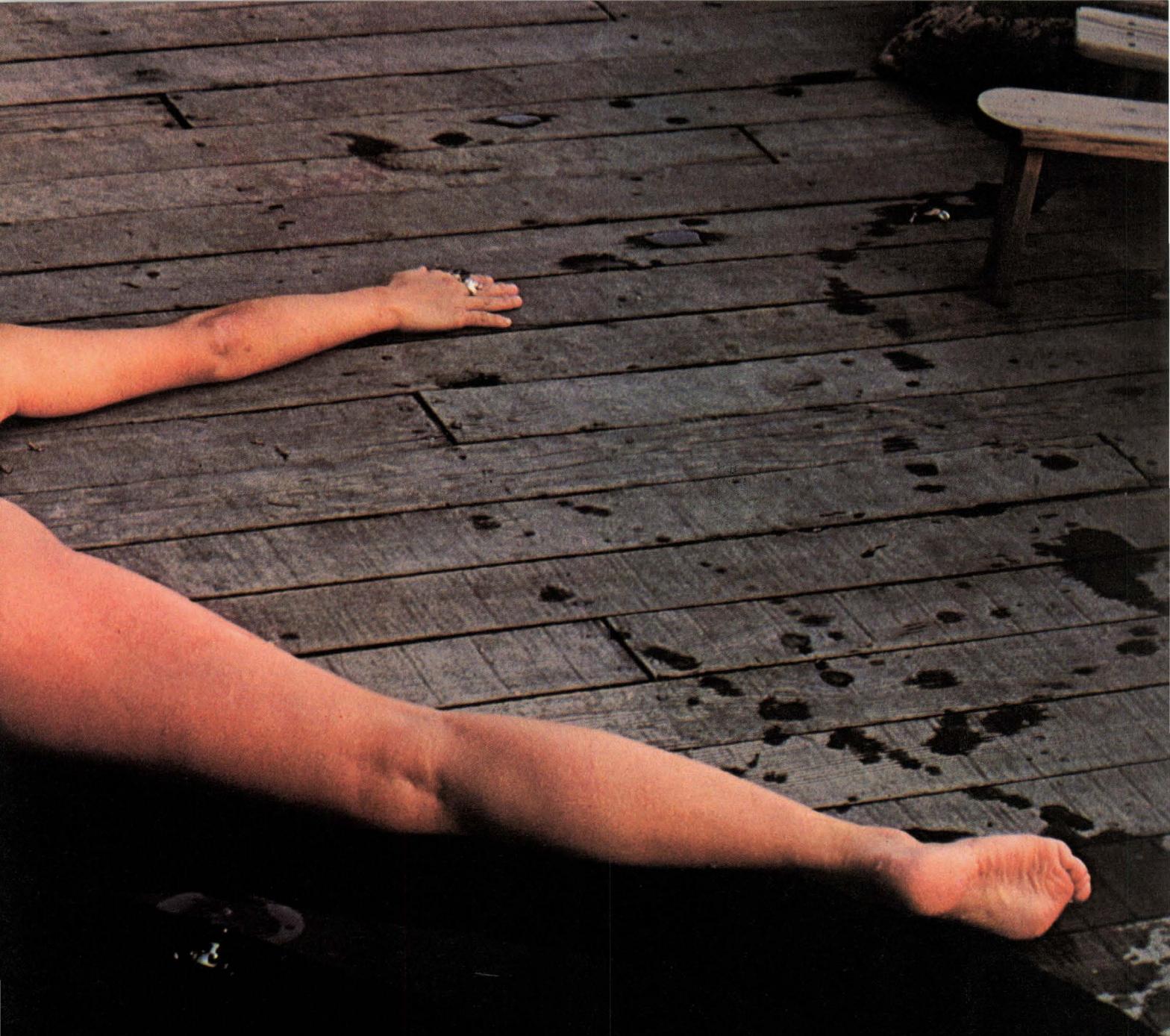
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THE SCENT OF JASMINE...

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sures she holds within her. The taste is one that becomes bittersweet to the tongue after a long, all-consuming meal made up of her femininity.

"They say after you eat Chinese food you're hungry again in an hour," Jasmine says. "I'm happy to find that's the case with my Chinese pussy, too."







KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

by Brian Houlihan

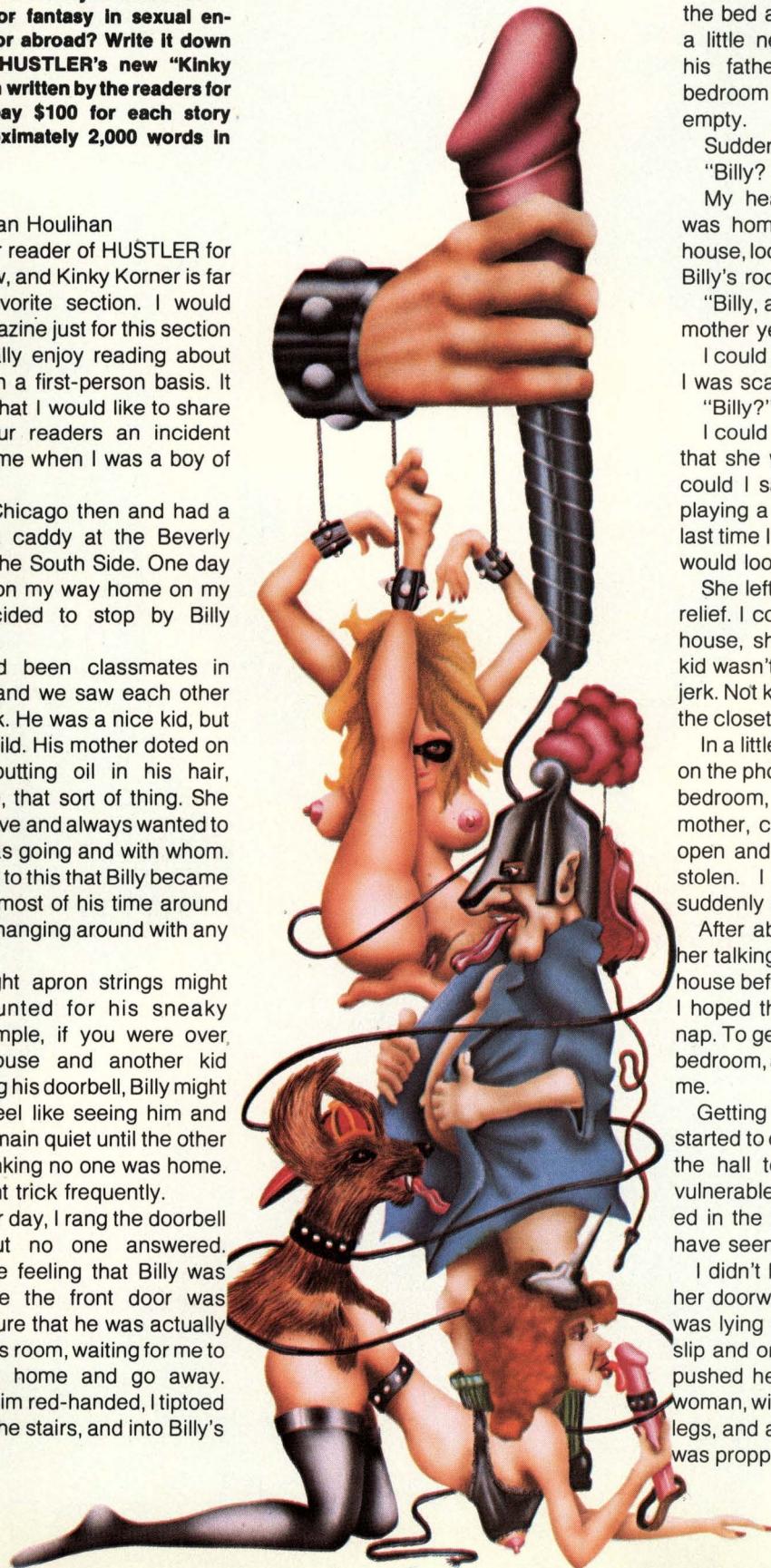
I've been a regular reader of HUSTLER for several issues now, and Kinky Korner is far and away my favorite section. I would purchase the magazine just for this section alone, since I really enjoy reading about bizarre sex told on a first-person basis. It is for this reason that I would like to share with you and your readers an incident that happened to me when I was a boy of fourteen.

I was living in Chicago then and had a summer job as a caddy at the Beverly Country Club, on the South Side. One day after work, I was on my way home on my bike when I decided to stop by Billy Kowalski's house.

Billy and I had been classmates in grammar school, and we saw each other about once a week. He was a nice kid, but he was an only child. His mother doted on him constantly, putting oil in his hair, combing it for him, that sort of thing. She was overly protective and always wanted to know where he was going and with whom. Perhaps it was due to this that Billy became a loner, spending most of his time around the house and not hanging around with any particular crowd.

His mother's tight apron strings might also have accounted for his sneaky qualities. For example, if you were over, visiting at his house and another kid stopped by and rang his doorbell, Billy might decide he didn't feel like seeing him and would have you remain quiet until the other kid went away, thinking no one was home. He pulled this silent trick frequently.

On this particular day, I rang the doorbell several times, but no one answered. However, I had the feeling that Billy was really home, since the front door was slightly ajar. I felt sure that he was actually upstairs hiding in his room, waiting for me to think no one was home and go away. Deciding to catch him red-handed, I tiptoed into the house, up the stairs, and into Billy's bedroom.



There was no one there. I looked under the bed and in the closet. Nothing. Getting a little nervous now, I decided to check his father's bedroom and his mother's bedroom on the same floor. They were both empty.

Suddenly I heard a noise downstairs. "Billy? Billy?"

My heart stopped beating. His mother was home! She was walking around the house, looking for her son. I darted back into Billy's room and hid in the closet.

"Billy, are you up there? Answer me!" his mother yelled.

I could hear her coming up the stairs, and I was scared stiff.

"Billy?"

I could hear her in the bedroom. I prayed that she wouldn't look in the closet. What could I say if she caught me? I was just playing a joke on Billy? I forgot something last time I was over? No matter what I said, I would look like a thief.

She left the room, and I heaved a sigh of relief. I could hear her walking all over the house, shouting his name. Obviously, the kid wasn't home, and I felt like a king-sized jerk. Not knowing what to do, I just stayed in the closet, trying to figure out my next move.

In a little while, I could hear Mrs. Kowalski on the phone. It sounded like she was in her bedroom, and she was talking to her mother, complaining about the door being open and how her mink could have been stolen. I didn't get the rest, because suddenly she started talking in Polish.

After about ten minutes, I couldn't hear her talking any more. I had to get out of that house before Billy or his father came home. I hoped that she was lying down taking a nap. To get to the stairs, I had to pass by her bedroom, and if she was sitting up she'd see me.

Getting down on my hands and knees, I started to crawl out of Billy's room and down the hall toward her bedroom. I felt very vulnerable, because if someone had walked in the front door and looked up, they'd have seen me right away.

I didn't hear anything, so I crawled up to her doorway and peeked in. Mrs. Kowalski was lying on her bed, wearing only a half-slip and one of those sexy, demi-bras that pushed her tits up. She was an attractive woman, with high, firm breasts, long, willowy legs, and a beautiful, deep tan all over. She was propped up against two pillows with her

legs spread wide open, and she was fingering herself!

Being fourteen years old, I had never even seen a naked woman before, let alone one that I knew! This was Christmas in July, to say the very least. The sight of her finger going in and out of the dark, wet bush between her legs had me spellbound. I got a hard-on immediately. I wanted very badly to jack-off watching her, but I was really afraid of someone walking in the front door and catching me. Or her looking up and catching me.

I stood on the threshold of the doorway for several minutes, torn between watching this sexy, older woman masturbate, and running down the stairs and out of the house to freedom.

"Hey!"

I froze.

She was off the bed and on me in a second.

"What are you doing here? How dare you!"

Her hand lashed out, and she struck me on the face, very hard, several times. She grabbed me by the hair and pulled me into the bedroom.

"What are you doing here? Answer me!"

I had never been so scared in my life. Bawling and shaking, I haltingly explained how I had come to be in the house.

"You're lying. I'm going to call the police."

"Oh, no! Please! Please don't! I wasn't trying to steal anything. Really!"

"Well, you're going to be punished."

She sat down on the edge of the bed and began unbuckling my belt. The whole thing was like some weird dream. I couldn't believe it was happening. She yanked down my jeans and then pulled down my jockey shorts. I was mortified. Her half-slip had ridden up on her legs, giving me a generous view of her suntanned thighs. Grabbing me by the hair, she yanked me down over her knees.

I lay there a few seconds, feeling ridiculous. She put her arm around my waist to hold me down, and suddenly I felt a stinging blow hit my ass, followed by many, many more. She was using my own belt to hit me, and IT REALLY HURT! Mrs. Kowalski was very strong. I started bawling and kicking and screaming, but I couldn't escape her grip. It went on for a very long time.

Finally, she let me go, and I fell to the floor, crying my eyes out. Tears were streaming

Her long, delicate fingers felt wonderful as they ran up and down my young penis.

down my face, and my ass felt numb.

"Maybe that'll teach you not to be so nosy. Stop crying and come over here."

I slowly picked myself up off the floor and stood in front of her. My pants and underwear were still down around my ankles, and for some unknown reason I had a throbbing hard-on.

Looking very stern, Mrs. Kowalski sat on the bed and stared at me. Without saying a word, she reached out and began fondling my hard cock. Her long, delicate fingers felt wonderful as they ran up and down my young penis. I just stood there in an unbelieving trance.

"You've got a big one. Much bigger than Billy's."

For the first time that day, she looked up at me and smiled. She was truly beautiful.

THE PHILOSOPHER

For as long as and insofar as it cannot be, it is almost always a reproach to everything that can.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

"Do you find me attractive?"

"Oh, yes."

"You were looking at my breasts, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Would you like me to take my top off?"

"I...I sure would. But I'd better go. I'm afraid about Mr. Kowalski or Billy coming home."

"You're not going anywhere 'til I'm ready to let you go."

She stopped smiling, and her stern voice returned, but she never stopped stroking my hard prick.

"Unsnap me."

"I don't want to get in trouble, Mrs...."

"Unsnap me! Or do I have to give you another whipping?"

She turned her back to me, and I unfastened her bra. The elastic pulled forward a bit when it was undone, and Mrs. Kowalski casually pulled it down and off her shoulders. The two firm, white breasts stood out in sharp contrast against her deep tan. They looked gorgeous.

Mrs. Kowalski smiled proudly and kept stroking my prick.

"Touch them."

I immediately reached out with both hands and began to squeeze the soft, silky flesh of her tits. After I had squeezed and kneaded them for several minutes, she reached up and put her hand behind my head, pulling my mouth down to one breast. I opened my lips and started sucking as much of the creamy morsel as I could into my eager mouth. It was delicious.

A big sigh escaped from her lips.

"Good. That's good, Brian. Suck. Suck hard."

She was stroking my head like I was a good puppy, and I obediently gobbled up the silky flesh. After a few minutes of ardent sucking, she took my mouth away and fed me her other breast.

When I had spent an equal amount of time on that one, she told me to stop. I did. My prick was harder than ever. I just stood there while she softly caressed my balls and smiled at me. Her breasts were wet from my saliva.

"Have you ever seen a woman's cunt before?"

"No."

Mrs. Kowalski slowly lifted her half-slip until her dark, curly bush was completely exposed to my sight.

(continued)

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"Take a closer look. Don't be afraid."

She spread her legs very wide, and I squatted down to get a closer look at the mysterious organ which I had only seen in a few pictures until now. In the middle of the shaggy bush of hair were two wet, fleshy lips. There was a heavy, mature odor down there, and I liked it.

"Get on your knees, Brian."

I did.

She pulled my head right into it, so that my face was being rubbed right into the wet bush, pussy hairs going into my nostrils and my mouth.

"Kiss it, honey. I'd like that."

I started to kiss and suck the wet, pouting lips, and Mrs. Kowalski started moaning and moving her hips back and forth. She tasted wonderful. The fact that this woman, who was as old as my mother, was encouraging me to eat her pussy had me incredibly turned on.

"Right there, Brian....Right there. That's it, honey. Just like that."

I had taken the little button at the top of her cunt and was slowly rubbing it back and forth with the tip of my tongue. She had both of her hands behind my head and was pulling my mouth into her pussy. Her whole body was shaking.

After I had been playing with the little button for awhile, she suddenly went into some kind of spasm. Letting out a long, low wail, Mrs. Kowalski began shaking and thrashing around uncontrollably. It went on for a long time. I got so excited I blew my load all over the bedspread while she kept my head glued to that hot twat.

Finally, she stopped shaking, let go of my head, and just lay back on the bed for several minutes. I stayed there on my knees, staring at her wet bush. My face was also sopping wet.

"Stand up," she said after a little while.

I got up off the floor and stood in front of her, my spent prick beginning to lose altitude.

"That was very nice, Brian. Oh, you had a little accident, didn't you?" she asked as she looked down at my cock.

I nodded my head sheepishly.

"Stay here."

She got up off the bed and left the room. In a few seconds, she returned with a towel and wiped off my cock and balls.

"Now, let's see if we can get this hard again."

As she said this, she wrapped her hand around my dick, bent her head down, and began to lick her tongue all around the crown of it as though she were eating an ice cream cone. I got hard right away. When it was completely rigid again, she looked up and gave me a big smile.

"Good boy!" Mrs. Kowalski said. She bent

her head down again and sucked my prick all the way down to its base. Her warm, wet mouth completely covered my dick while one of her hands stroked my ass and the other played with my young balls.

When I started to get really excited again and began pumping my hips back and forth, she stopped sucking me and took her mouth off my prick.

"Now, we're going to fuck."

Mrs. Kowalski smiled again and positioned herself lengthwise on the bed.

"Get up here between my legs."

I hobbled up on the big bed and got in between her two tanned legs.

"Here," she said, taking hold of my hot cock. "I'll guide you."

Mrs. Kowalski slowly inserted me into her wet cunthole. The soft, wet membrane swallowing up my prick felt fantastic.

"There. Now just relax and pump slowly."

I followed orders, and it just felt better and better. After a little while, I felt something in my ass. Looking around behind me, I realized she was sticking her finger in my asshole. This turned me on more than ever. I was really hot now, pumping faster and faster.

"Come on. Come on," she moaned encouragingly. "Have you got a present for me? Huh? Huh, baby? Are you going to give me something? Huh? Come on! Come on!"

An electric jolt hit me, and I just started coming and coming and coming. My orgasm seemed to last for a very long time.

When it was over, I lay there for a short time, and then she told me to get off.

Mrs. Kowalski picked up the towel and wiped us both off. Then she told me to get dressed. I pulled up my pants and underwear and buckled up. She took a robe out of the closet and put it on. Neither of us spoke at all during this time.

After she had the robe fastened, she motioned for me to follow her. Mrs. Kowalski walked down the stairs and around to the back door of the house. She opened the door and made sure there was no one else around. Then she kissed me on the lips and ran her hand through my hair, which was wet with perspiration.

"Don't ever tell anyone about this. Anyone! Got that?"

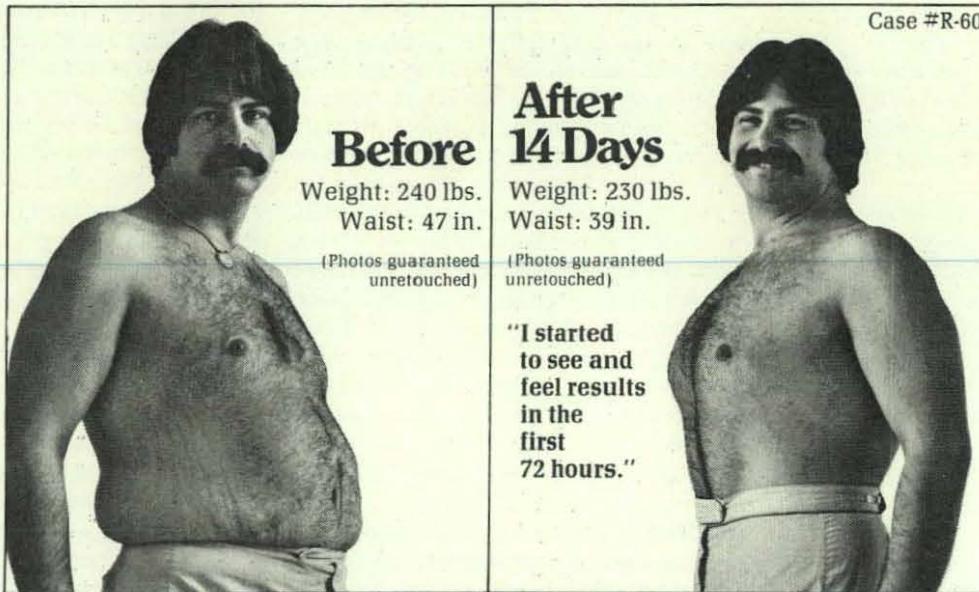
I nodded. She put something in my hand. I looked. It was a ten-dollar bill.

"Go!" she said.

I walked down the stairs of the back porch, jumped on my bike, and sped away.

I never went back to Billy Kowalski's house again. I saw Mrs. Kowalski a few times on the street, but I was always extremely embarrassed. She would always smile at me, but I would just nod and keep moving. 

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JERRY RUBIN

continued from page 50

uptight, or you were at one time, about cock size and being seen by a chick with your clothes off?

RUBIN: I think that I've come through that, completely, in the past three or four years, through therapy, massage classes, experience with a sex therapist, and a number of relationships. I've come to love my body. I love my cock—small, medium, or large, no matter what. I'm not ashamed in any way of anything about my body with a woman.

HUSTLER: In terms of sex, what other enjoyments are there? Have you practiced anal sex?

RUBIN: Never have.

HUSTLER: That's strange. Why not?

RUBIN: I haven't had that much sexual experience, frankly, and anal sex is just not one of the things that I've experienced. So I can't say why not.

HUSTLER: All right. How about rimming?

RUBIN: What's rimming?

HUSTLER: Well, you're with a chick and you go down on her ass instead of her pussy.

RUBIN: I haven't done that.

HUSTLER: Jerry Rubin sounds almost naive. Why haven't you ever done that? Is it still a measure of your inhibition?

RUBIN: I think I'm relatively inhibited sexually, and I don't think sex is actually that important a part of my life. I think that's the way to put it. If sex had been a very important part of my life, I would have experimented like crazy 'cause you're right. I am experimenting, and whatever I get into I get into totally and completely. I'm sexually obsessed, but sex is not an important part of my life. My anxieties are related to sex, and I have a lot of expectations about myself, but really, if you watch my behavior, I've never put that much emphasis in my life on sex, and I've gotten more fun out of other areas of creativity and expression. Everything is sex; I mean, walking down the street, eating, shitting, all experiences are sexual. Sex has not been one of the most experimental areas of my life, and that is something that I am now looking at and accepting.

HUSTLER: What other masturbatory fantasies have you had? How about S & M?

RUBIN: Yeah, I've had, actually, come to think of it...I have some fantasies. Yeah, but not much.

HUSTLER: But to some extent. Well, to what extent? I mean, sex and violence in

our culture are very intertwined.

RUBIN: It's definitely expressing hostility against women, but all men have hostility against women. The point is not to hide it, but to free ourselves from it by accepting it and letting it go. It's impossible to be a man and not have some hostile feelings about women. It's because of our own feelings of powerlessness and inadequacy that we then become hostile towards women, so let's come to terms with it and learn how to deal with it. You get rid of it by going through a process of accepting it.

HUSTLER: Why are you hostile toward women? Is it because they threaten your masculinity? Or do you think they are intellectually inferior?

RUBIN: Every man feels hostile towards women and is sure every woman feels hostile towards men, but to glorify these feelings, to quote them in intellectual justification, is to become a prisoner of these very negative, hostile feelings. These negative, hostile feelings arose in our perverted childhood, and what we have to do is to accept the fact that they are nothing to be ashamed of. We must look at these feelings and acknowledge them, and then let them go and build tender, loving, caring, gentle relationships with each other, men and women.

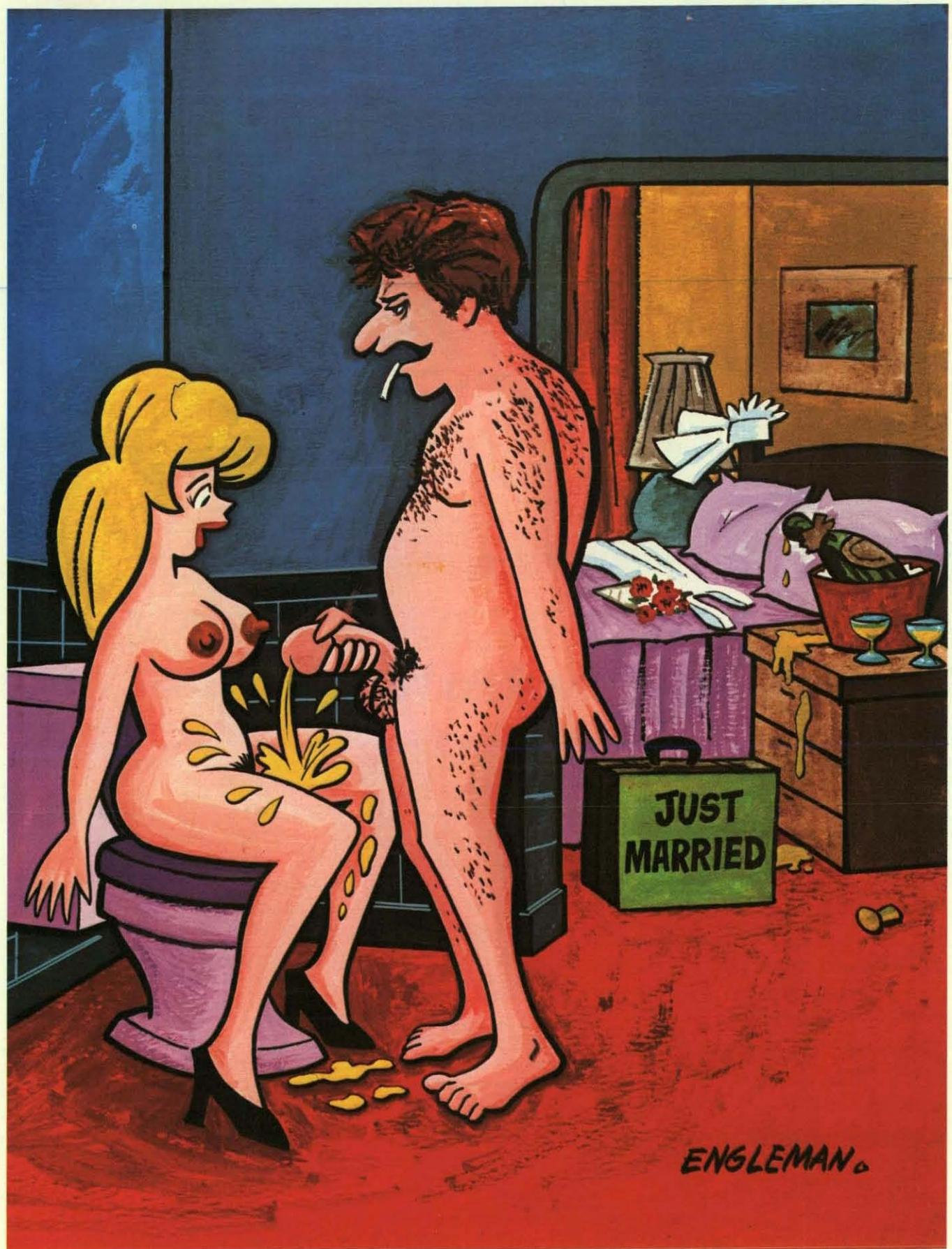
HUSTLER: Don't you think that women have evolved through three million years of breeding to be submissive? I mean that the more subservient they were, the more likely it was that a male would take care of them. They've been brought up to be subservient, and you can't expect them to change overnight, no matter how much you want them to.

RUBIN: That is especially true in Japan, where I was this summer. If a woman is intellectually inferior to me, then our friendship is not deep and rich. If I dominate a woman, then we don't have a real friendship. And to me, real love and real sex stem from real affection and friendship, based on mutual respect and mutual love, not mutual hostility.

HUSTLER: One final question—how do you want history to remember you?

RUBIN: As someone who was active in trying to transform himself and transform society. As a human being who was trying to create an equal society in which people shared and lived every moment, in the moment, to achieve that. I see myself as an activist, and my energy and my activism are what I am most proud of and what I most want to be remembered for. However, in the '60s I consciously thought of myself as a historical figure. In the '70s I don't see myself as a historical figure, but as a human being trying to stay alive and sane. 

"Ya wet it like this, and you can tell which way the wind's blowing."



"Just keep your legs apart....we're sharing everything now."

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 6)

picture out of Soldier of Fortune Magazine. There is no need to knock or downgrade this magazine or the people who put it together. If you are having trouble with the government in trying to find out what is and is not "dirty," you will just have to fight for what you think is right. There is nothing wrong in publishing and showing the people of this country what is going on in other countries, as Soldier of Fortune does. Americans should be given the facts and photos. If they are not interested, they are not forced to buy these magazines, books, newspapers, etc.

And most of all, you should not criticize the mercenary or "soldier of fortune," as he is sometimes called. Most mercs are paid to fight another's enemy because that person doesn't have men capable, trained, or armed to do the job. If your publishing company and employees came under armed attack because a group of people didn't like your "dirty" magazines, and the police or government paid no attention to what was happening to you and your business, what would you do? You would hire persons to protect you, your employees, and your business. And they would be paid by you to protect your company. Maybe you do not think this could happen. Take a look around you, Mr. Flynt, at the world and this country. It could easily happen very soon right here.

Donald LaHay
Bonne Terre, Missouri

Come off it. Mercenaries are about as socially useful as Mafia hit men, and they serve the same purpose: to do the killing which their employers don't have the guts to do themselves. Killing is a brutal, sickening, dehumanizing business. When it is done in self-defense (as in the wildly improbable situation you posed) or in defense of your homeland, it is necessary, but no less numbingly tragic. When it is done for money, it is no more defensible than any other form of murder, and neither are magazines that glorify it and death-freaks who slaver over graphic depictions of the results.

—Larry Flynt

JACKIE'S PRIDE & PASSION

Editor's Note: HUSTLER's magnanimous editor-publisher, Larry Flynt, was deeply moved recently to note the precipitous decline of the fortunes of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Larry has always had a hard...er...soft spot for pathetic widows with big, liquid brown cow-eyes, whose soft lips separate sensuously to form the words, "Give me...." But nobody has been giving Jackie O. much of anything lately. She lost her main source of income when ol' Ari shuffled off this mortal coil, and her share of his estate was as insultingly meager as a quarter tip at Le Pavilion. Her rumored plans to write a how-to erotic book, to be called The Sensuous Gold-Digger, have apparently come to naught, and now she has been reduced to wage-slave status, working as an editor for Viking Press. Being editors, we can appreciate what an utter mortification that is: wet-

nursing neurotic writers and haggling with them like rug merchants over pennies. It's all just too, too humiliating.... Anyway, Larry couldn't just stand by and watch the bereft queen dowager go without her polo ponies and Mediterranean cruises, so he offered to go on Johnny Carson's "Tonight" television show and present her with a check for \$1,000,000. But you know how it is with the once-rich—nothing but pride. Mrs. Onassis responded thusly:

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I am writing on behalf of Mrs. Onassis to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 4th and to let you know that Mrs. Onassis is not planning any television appearances at this time or in the foreseeable future.

With best wishes.

Sincerely,
Nancy Tuckerman
(secretary to Mrs. A. Onassis)

Well, have it your own way, Mrs. Onassis. All we can say is that your letter arrived with postage due, and "Nancy Tuckerman's" signature looked suspiciously like your handwriting. Oh, well, a penny saved, etc.

Sincerely,
Yrral Trylf
(secretary to Mr. Flynt)

I have read a lot and heard a lot about Jackie Onassis, and from what I have seen I don't like her at all.

I think that it is perfectly all right for you to put her naked pictures in your magazine because she obviously doesn't care. I don't even have to worry about my husband saying, "Wow, what an ass!" because she doesn't in the least have a very nice body.

I personally think that the only reason she lets it go on is so that she can get some weak, horny, wealthy old bastard with one foot in the grave to jump at her feet.

Brenda Rebel
Chicago, Ill.

JAGGER OFF?

I read and enjoy your magazine and often find it interesting. However, I feel HUSTLER should leave Mick Jagger alone instead of putting him down as you did in January's Bits & Pieces ("Rocks Off"). I mean, Jagger doesn't fuck with you, so why don't you just dig yourself and mind your own business? Let him do his thing, and you do yours.

Larry Wroy
Lewisburg, Penn.

"Our thing" happens to be commenting on the current scene—which includes putting down show business phonies who pose as something they are not in order to be "chic." We don't doubt that Jagger is an incredibly talented musician, but from his action in suppressing Cocksucker Blues we can't be sure whether he is a straight guy pretending to be bisexual, or a switch-hitter who doesn't have the guts to allow that fact to be revealed in his film. Either way, he is being bogus, and we reserve the right to say so.

(continued)

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IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, DON'T BUY IT

I am 25 years old and doing my thing in the Navy. I have just finished reading the January, 1976, issue of HUSTLER. After looking at the Feedback section, I decided I would write an encouraging word. There are a lot of shitheads who have nothing better to do than write in and degrade your mag, but not before they have looked at every page. If these yo-yos do not like your mag, I would appreciate it if you would tell them not to buy it—it's a bitch for me to run from newsstand to newsstand, trying to find one left. As for the 50-year-old centerfold, the farmer's daughter, and all of those cock photos, right on! Variety is still the spice of life.

Keep up the good work.

D.D.
Naval Station
Charleston, SC

Until one of my closest friends gave me one of your HUSTLER magazines, I had never heard of it. I must say that I think it is absolutely wonderful. I love it, and you for publishing it. I read Feedback in the magazine, and I think it is disgusting. This is supposed to be *free America*. If they don't want to read a good magazine such as HUSTLER, then why in the Sam Hill do the jackasses buy it? Nobody makes them buy it. I don't think they have any right whatsoever to criticize it the way they do.

I also read in your magazine that you were not allowed to publish photographs of men with erec-

tions. If you don't mind my asking, why?

I think it would be beautiful and very exciting if you would pose for a centerfold. I have admired you from the first time I saw your photograph. I think you would make a gorgeous centerfold and would sell lots and lots of magazines.

Bobbie
Address Withheld by Request

I don't know why the courts will allow Americans to view pictures of people with their heads shot away, but not those of vigorous men with a stiff cock. That's the question I was posing in my January Publisher's Statement. Thanks for the flattering words about my posing in the centerfold, but, for the time being, I am holding out for an offer from Viva.

—Larry Flynt

Both my husband and I believe you have the best magazine on the market today. I must commend you on your statement on obscenity in your January, 1976, issue. You said it, brother. I'm sure anyone who sees this must agree.

I very seldom find an article or spread in your magazine I don't like, but if I do, I, unlike some people who have written you, don't get my kicks by tearing you and your staff to pieces. I respect the fact that there are people who did enjoy it. A legitimate complaint or suggestion always has its place, but it seems selfish and stupid to raise hell over one article or picture. Maybe it's time those people realize that they aren't the "only pebbles on the beach." I feel they should be thankful they

have a magazine of this quality available. If they don't like it, they don't have to look.

Mrs. G. Hahn
Arnett, Okla.

We subscribe to Voltaire's philosophy, "I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it"—even if the bluenoses don't. A lot of moralists get a masochistic kick from reading HUSTLER to convince themselves that we are causing the decline and fall of Western civilization.

RED "PINKS"

All I can say is "Right On!" Finally, somebody has come up with a magazine that has the balls (figuratively, of course) to print what it feels and what the reader wants. Since its birth, HUSTLER is the only monthly magazine for men that I buy. Your "imitators" can't even begin to measure up.

I'm writing to you in hopes that I may see my fantasies printed in your great magazine. You cannot print them unless you know—so I guess I better tell ya!

For years and years, men's magazines have avoided redheads like a poison. I haven't as yet figured out why. Beautiful orange pubic hair and billions of bright orange-red freckles on white skin is a turn-on!

My second fantasy which I would like to see in your mag is a *slim, but tall, gal* shown first with a fine bush, then, later in the same layout, balder than a baby's ass, maybe even showing the shaving process! The ultimate thrill would be to combine both—a beautiful, freckled carrot-top with a chest full of thick, tantalizing freckles and a bright red, hairy snatch, and then—poof!—bald and juicy! All a man can do is ask. Right?

Many magazines now are combining men and women in the layouts. And, of course, HUSTLER removed that annoying crotch hair (AMEN). Ever thought of a man/woman layout—both bald? The ol' lady and I do it all the time and find it absolutely wonderful!

Thank you, and please don't stumble like your imitators have. We need you!

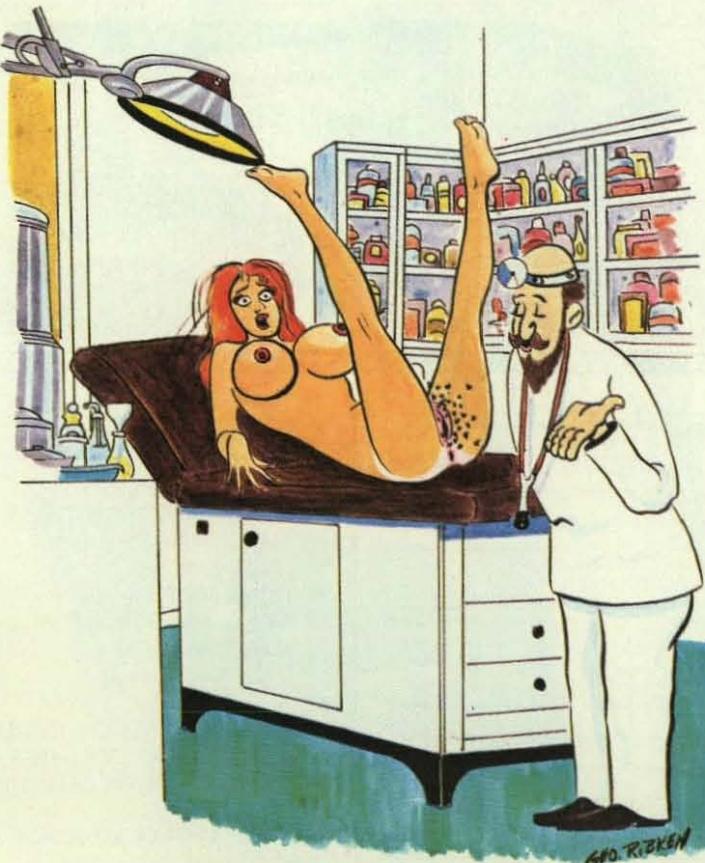
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Hope you caught last month's "Bare Beaver" shaving feature, along with Petula, our "Hot to Trot Redhead." Also, please note that our "Honey of the Year" in the Best of HUSTLER #1 was Patti, a tasty little carrot-bottom from the December, 1974, issue. (You can order back issues, using the coupon on page 45.) And look for a "Mr. and Mrs. Kojak-Crotch" feature in an upcoming issue.

"BEAUTIFUL JOURNALISM"

I enjoyed the story that Larry Flynt wrote on the editor of *Club* (I've never seen an issue), Tony Power. HUSTLER is doing a beautiful piece of journalism.

Frank A. Muth
Features Editor
Dallas Times Herald
Dallas, Texas



"It's nothing serious, my dear....
Just keep it shaved and wear a flea collar!"

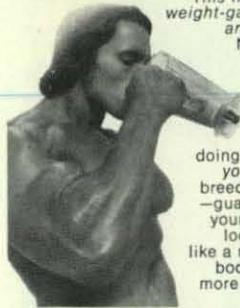
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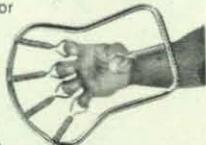
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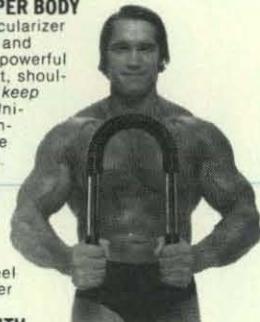


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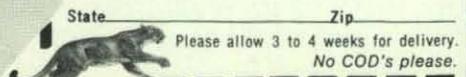
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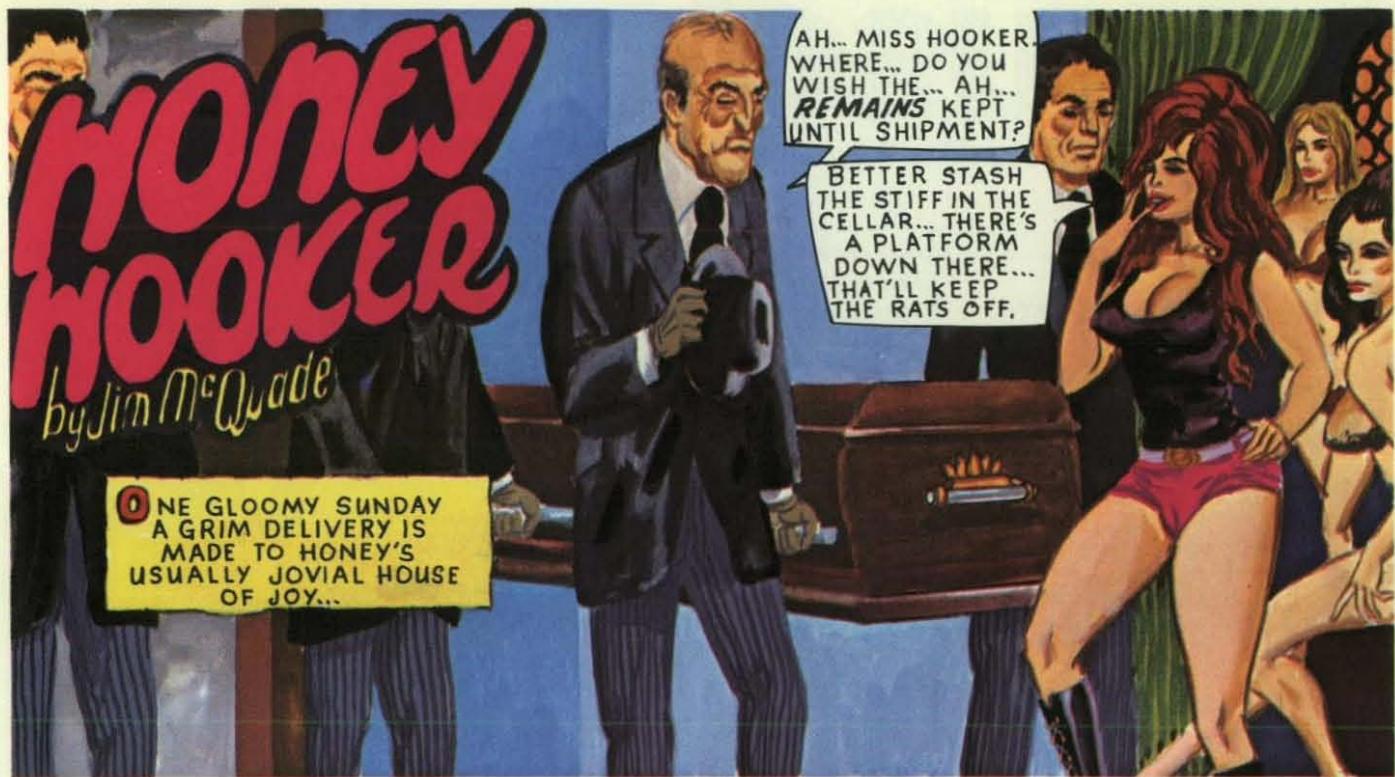
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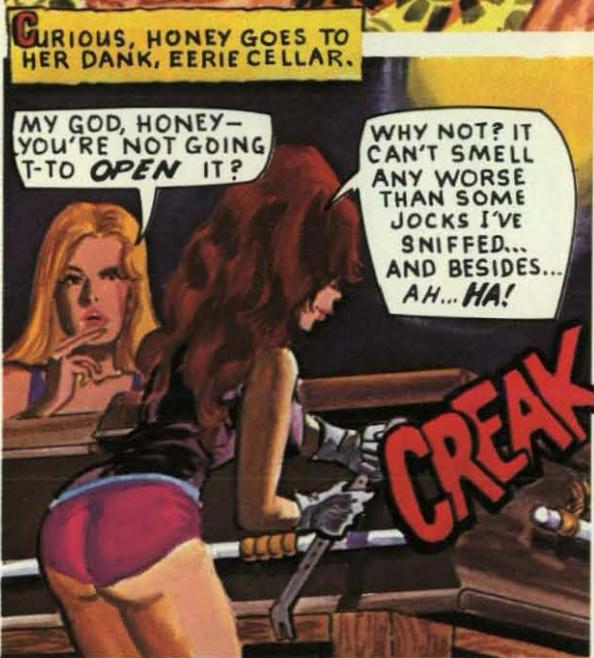
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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 8)

penis is soft, it seems to lean to the left. Is this normal for an eighteen-year-old young man? And will a slightly curved penis have any effect on the female during intercourse?

R.J.

There is no single "best, most sexy way to kiss." It all depends on the two people doing the kissing. The best way to kiss is to put a lot of feeling into it. Sometimes it might be good to press hard, other times to linger for a while. If you are into wet kisses, you might try kissing her on the lips, opening both of your mouths, and running your tongue around the inside of her mouth. And don't worry about your penis. Actually, most men's penises lean toward their left, while others lean toward the right. Almost none hang exactly in the center. As for your penis curving, don't worry about that, either. It is quite normal and will not have any ill effect during intercourse. From your questions, we gather you have your first piece of pussy lined up and are trying to get your act together for it. Don't hassle about it—just go to it and do what comes naturally. You'll be fine.

I need advice on a problem that I have had for some time. When my wife and I got married she used to love holding and especially eating my cock all day long. She never stopped. I used to wake up in the morning and she'd be sucking me off. In the afternoon and during the day, she would pull down my zipper and pull out my cock and be there sucking on it.

Now with our first baby, she suddenly stopped after all this time.

Do you think having the baby caused her to lose interest in it? And how can I get her interested in eating my cock? Any suggestions?

Name Withheld

Her having a baby is not the problem, but I bet she's darn tired after getting up at all hours of the day and night. And remember, since it's your first baby she will have much anxiety and may not act herself. Now she has another person totally depending on her. Imagine what a psychological effect that has on her. To relieve her tension and get her back to her old self, remind her how sexy she is and how much you love her. If she feels sexy, she will be sexy, but you must do your part in reminding her that she's still the biggest turn-on you've known. And remember—don't decide after the 3:00 A.M. feeding to give her your feeding. Good luck, and be patient.

My boyfriend and I have been living together for almost a year and I have no real problems although there is something about our relationship that bothers me. With all his talk of being honest with each other and trusting, I rather doubt his sincerity now. I bought him a subscription to your magazine (which I also enjoy) so he knows I don't mind if he reads it, so why does he hide other magazines of the same type from me?

I felt our sex life couldn't be better or more fulfilling and he led me to believe he felt the same way—until now. I feel like I have to attribute it (our great sex life) to the hidden magazines, at least on his part. What do you think?

Name Withheld

Your boyfriend probably hides his magazines out of a fear (obviously misplaced) that you would not approve of his looking at them and would think that they proved that he found you inadequate. As you are, in fact, not threatened by his reading magazines like HUSTLER, you should tell him so. However, you should not expect him to change right away if he feels insecure about this. If you continue to show that you are not bothered by these magazines, even when he hides them and you find them, he will eventually relax and become open about it. If you get uptight about it, you are going to get into a vicious cycle.

What about oral sex with a female and V.D.? What are the symptoms? How is it diagnosed? Will gonorrhea contracted from oral sex show up as pain while urinating? Will there be a white or yellow discharge from the penis? Does it make any sense to use a rubber while having sex with a prostitute and at the same time have oral sex?

Name Withheld

If a person has oral V.D., the only symptom would be a sore throat. It can only be diagnosed by a throat culture. You can also get V.D. from a blow job if your partner has it in her mouth. You will be able to tell if you get it by the usual V.D. symptoms, such as pain while urinating and a yellowish, pus-like discharge. Always use protection with someone who might have V.D.; remember, condoms aren't 100 per cent effective, so refrain from oral sex unless you feel sure that you won't get any diseases from your partner.

I've noticed that my bowels move easily following a good fuck, or even a hand-job. It is then like the working of a mild laxative. There's no problem here, but I want to know if this is a normal function? Is there a way to counteract this moving experience, should I wish to?

Name Withheld

The behavior you describe is not common, but it is not necessarily abnormal. Since this happens to you after sex, you should consider this natural and not to be messed with. There is no way to counteract what is natural unless you have your "moving" experience before you engage in sex and are thereby all pooped out afterwards.

These new changing times are beginning to reveal, and a number of your readers have recently remarked on, the considerable variation to be seen in the shape and structure of the female vulvae. Would your experts (are there any?) comment, for the sake of academic interest: how much of this variation is due to

(continued)

HUSTLER

DOCTOR PROVES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chatham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results - a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chatham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chatham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chatham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHATHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chatham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHATHAM METHOD

Dr. Chatham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erec-

tion. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chatham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chatham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between 3/4" to 1" in length and between 1/2" and 3/4" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1 1/2" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on 3/4" in length and just over 1 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of 3/4" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4 1/4" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5 1/2". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

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Please send me the complete Chatham Method. I have enclosed \$39.95 which includes postage and handling.

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NAME _____
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SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHATHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chatham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chatham Method consist of?

A. The Chatham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chatham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This

model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chatham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chatham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chatham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chatham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chatham Method suitable for me?

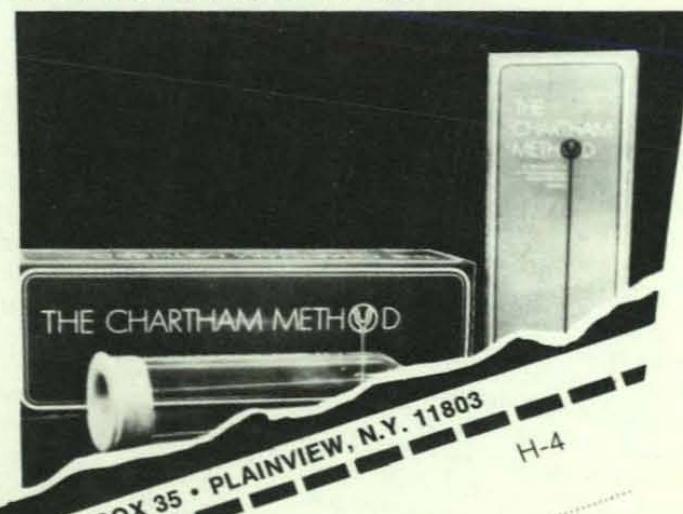
A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chatham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHATHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.



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individual genital anatomy, how much to sexual arousal of the moment, how much to cosmetic preparation on the part of the exhibtress, how much is a permanent "creation" or distortion resulting from injury, surgery, unusual long-term masturbatory practices, etc.?

G. Sanderson
Dallas, Texas

There is a great deal of variety in women's genitals, almost all of it due to hereditary differences. Differences due to arousal are primarily in color, although the clitoris does stiffen up a bit and sometimes actually retracts up under the clitoral hood during arousal. In our country, just about the only operation performed on women's genitals is cutting back or removal of the clitoral hood in order to expose the clitoris for more sexual stimulation, although the usefulness of that operation is doubtful. There are no known effects on the appearance of women's genitals due to masturbation, long-term or otherwise.

The variations which do occur are several. One is in color, varying from pink and red to brown (especially in the outer lips) and a pearlescent color. The shape of the lips also varies, particularly the inner lips, which can be either small or so large that they hang down between the outer lips. The clitoris can either be a small, almost invisible pea shape, or it can extend up under the hood for some length. Victorian pornography to the contrary, very few women have clitorises as large as a small finger. At one time, elongated inner lips may have been confused with a long clitoris, thus giving rise to the myth that they can be quite long.

Women's genitals are beautiful and various, and *HUSTLER* continues in its pioneering role of bringing them to you in all their splendor.

A few days ago I shaved my pussy to see if it would turn my husband on. Not only did it turn him on but we ate each other like it was the Last Supper.

It made being eaten quite a remarkable feeling which in turn made my blowing him exotic (even Lovelace couldn't have done better).

We both overly enjoyed the nakedness of my crotch, but that night the agony of that tender spot was incredible. Did you ever try shaving your face when it is chafed? Well, this is twice as bad. Tender, hurt, itchy, sore, etc.

There is no bigger nymph in the world than I, but what fun is it if afterwards you are in pain?

Could you possibly get one of your shaven models or anyone with knowledge about this matter to tell us sore cunts how to keep our succulent muffs from becoming rose bushes?

Name Withheld

As you have indicated, shaving the pubic area can lead to problems, the main problem being that itchy, unnatural feeling. Women who keep their pubic areas shaved become used to it after a while, and it becomes as natural to them as hair to another. However, you can't keep it from growing back, and thus you will have a rose bush if you don't shave every day to keep it satiny smooth. Here are some steps to remember that will make shaving easier and, if possible, a little more enjoyable:

1) Cut with sharp scissors all the pubic hair you can before attempting to shave.

2) Remember to use a very sharp razor blade. You might end up using eight or nine new blades before you're finished, but it is most important that the razor be sharp.

3) Have a basin of hot water with a sponge in it nearby so that you can soften up the area before applying the shaving cream.

4) Start at the top of your pubic hair and apply shaving cream to the top of your slit so that you have sectioned off that area to be shaved first.

5) Now, start shaving in the direction that the hair grows. You must remember, however, that the hair grows in all different directions down there, and shaving against the growth will make you sore, irritated, and will leave stubbles. Be sure that you use short strokes. When you are finished shaving the top area, rinse it off, check it to make sure that you don't feel any stubs, and then apply baby oil to soften the area.

6) Your next step would be to start on one of your outer lips. Follow the same procedure as before with the hot water and then apply the shaving cream. You have probably used three new blades by now, but check again and make sure the blade is sharp. Once you have completed that, you will need to pull your outer lips towards your thigh as tightly as possible. You should have your legs spread as far apart as possible, so that you are pulling the skin out, and then use your finger to pull your outer lip towards your thigh to stretch it tight for easier shaving. Now shave the outer lip closest to the inner lip. This is the area that is hardest to get smooth, yet it can become quite painful for your sex partner if it is not properly shaved. After that lip is smooth, apply baby oil and massage in as you did earlier, checking with your fingers for any stubble.

7) Proceed with the other lip in the same fashion.

8) Next, take warm water and a moisturizing cream and cleanse the whole area so that it does not have that oily feeling, leaving the skin soft and supple to the touch.

9) Now that you have taken the time to give yourself that little-girl appearance, you should make it even more enjoyable by having that baby-sweet smell as well. I suggest taking some Johnson's baby powder and patting it on your cunt and thighs. This is purely optional, but a nice idea nonetheless.

10) Finally, remember that your hair will grow back very quickly and you must keep it shaved clean, as it can become painful for you and your partner. Try to keep from wearing underwear, pantyhose and slacks as much as possible. All of these clothes, when you have stubbles, will irritate the area, but once you get used to that satiny smoothness, the bare feeling will no longer bother you.

The only other thing to remember is that if you should decide to let it all grow back, you'd better practice deep throat on your partner for the next couple of weeks, because he won't enjoy fucking until your hair has grown enough to be soft. 

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PREVIEW

MAY PREVIEW

- **STOP AND I'LL SCREAM!** — Author Norman Jackson Smith once met a struggling authoress by the name of Susan Brownmiller at a party on Fire Island. He discovered that her obsession with rape (revealed in her subsequent best-seller, *Against Our Will*) isn't entirely academic. Is Brownmiller really anti-rape? You be the judge.
- **MIKE THEVIS** — Our profile subject this month was once described in *Reader's Digest* as the "Sultan of Smut." He is presently incarcerated in the Atlanta Penitentiary, but don't let that bother you, because his tough and ballsy tactics make him one of the wealthiest convicts in history. By Jim Michaels.
- **EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW** — In this candid interview, J. APHRODITE, the authoress of *To Turn You On: 39 Sexual Fantasies for Women*, talks frankly about her own sexual past and how it helped her write the first stroke book for women.
- **VEGAS DREAMS** — Gambling and sex are the theme of this hard-hitting story. Find out what happens when aging Buck withdraws all his money from the bank and leaves his dreary 9 to 5 existence to hit the dusty trail. Fiction by J. R. Rivers.
- **IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON MARS?** — Or more importantly, is there intelligent life on Earth? Here are six pages of ELECTRA, a stellar muff well worth pondering. *Captain Video* was never like this! Photo feature by Jay Myrdal.
- **THE SENSUOUS SELECTED** — In our never-ending search for new faces (faces?), we found JOCELYN right under our noses here at HUSTLER. She's a small-town girl with big ideas who is sure to give you a few hot ideas of your own. AMAZING GRACE is such a heavenly dream that only you can judge just how divine she could be for you. Then, we'll add fuel to your fire with HEIDI and EVONNE, who've sparked many a new flame.
- **ALSO** — Be sure to cast a wicked eye on BITS AND PIECES to see what's cooking on the home front. If you happen to cruise to KINKY KORNER, you may find that it's the one closest to you who is the most surprising! In SEX PLAY, learn how to talk dirty and turn women on without freaking them out. But that's not all. Treat yourself to our HUMOR and CARTOONS, ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE, ADVISE AND CONSENT, and SEX BITS, with sex news from around the world.

PREVIEW

SMOKING CAN EAT YOUR LUNGS ALIVE!



This is a normal lung, with its characteristically healthy pink coloring.



This is a cancerous lung. The white growth at the top of the lung is the cancer.

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION, IF YOU SMOKE YOUR CHANCES OF DYING FROM LUNG CANCER ARE 700 TIMES THOSE OF NON-SMOKERS. IF YOU SMOKE, THIS COULD BE YOUR LUNG. THINK ABOUT IT THE NEXT TIME YOU LIGHT A CIGARETTE...IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME.

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